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THE KIPLING READER

For Elementary Grades





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THE KIPLING READER

FOR ELEMENTARY GRADES



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Cat that Walked by Himself	3
Pussy and Binkie	26
The Beginning of the Armadillos	27
Rolling Down to Rio	42
The Sing-Song of Old Man Kangaroo	43
Old Man Kangaroo and Yellow-Dog Dingo	56
How the Camel Got His Hump	58
The Hump	70
The Elephant's Child	72
Six Honest Serving Men	91
Mowgli's Brothers	92
Mowgli Among the Monkeys	95
How to Bring up a Lion	104
Thorkild's Song	115
Song of the Red War Boat	117
Eddi's Service	121
Cold Iron	123
A Truthful Song	147
The Story of Muhammad Din	151
The Children's Song	156

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PREFATORY NOTE

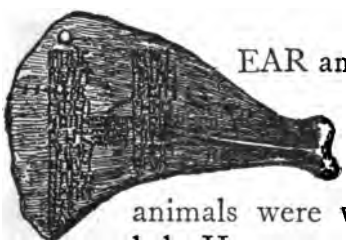
The editors of this little book will feel that its object has been accomplished if it opens to the young reader the beautiful and stimulating world of imaginative literature that Mr. Kipling has created for children. They are sure that no child who has tasted of the pure joy of the extracts from the "Just So Stories" and "The Jungle Books" that are here presented by the kind permission of their respective publishers and of Mr. Kipling, will fail to wish for more of this delightful literature. The beauties of the selections are not such as need to be pointed out to the eager reader — and their peculiar charm makes itself felt almost upon opening the book. It only remains, therefore, for the editors to extend their appreciative thanks to Mr. Kipling, Messrs. The Century Company, and Doubleday, Page & Co., whose coöperation made this book possible, and to express the hope that many young readers will through it be introduced to the "Just So Stories" and "The Jungle Books."

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THE CAT THAT WALKED BY HIMSELF

NOTE.—Mr. Kipling made all the pictures for these "Just So Stories" himself and he wrote the explanations that go with the pictures.

Sometimes children try to say words that are so long that they do not get them just right. In these "Just So Stories" Mr. Kipling has used such words just as a little child would. Can you find out what the right form is for "'satiable curtiosity," and for "'vantage," in "The Elephant's Child," and for "'scruciating" in the story of "How the Camel Got His Hump"? If you look you will find other words like them.



EAR and attend and listen; for this befell and behappened and became and was, O my Best Beloved, when the Tame animals were wild. The Dog was wild, and the Horse was wild, and the Cow was wild, and the Sheep was wild, and the Pig was wild — as wild as wild could be — and they walked in the Wet Wild Woods by their wild lones. But the wildest of all the wild animals was the Cat. He walked by himself, and all places were alike to him.

Of course the Man was wild too. He was dreadfully wild. He didn't even begin to be tame till he met the Woman, and she told him that she did not like living in his wild ways. She picked out a nice dry Cave, instead of a heap of wet leaves, to lie down

in; and she strewed clean sand on the floor; and she lit a nice fire of wood at the back of the Cave; and she hung a dried wild-horse skin, tail down, across the opening of the Cave; and she said, "Wipe your feet, dear, when you come in, and now we'll keep house."

That night, Best Beloved, they ate wild sheep roasted on the hot stones, and flavored with wild garlic and wild pepper; and wild duck stuffed with wild rice and wild fenugreek and wild coriander; and marrow-bones of wild oxen; and wild cherries, and wild grenadillas. Then the Man went to sleep in front of the fire ever so happy; but the Woman sat up, combing her hair. She took the bone of the shoulder of mutton — the big fat blade-bone — and she looked at the wonderful marks on it, and she threw more wood on the fire, and she made a Magic. She made the First Singing Magic in the world.

Out in the Wet Wild Woods all the wild animals gathered together where they could see the light of the fire a long way off, and they wondered what it meant

Then Wild Horse stamped with his wild foot and said, "O my Friends and O my Enemies, why have the Man and the Woman made that great light in that great Cave, and what harm will it do us?"

Wild Dog lifted up his wild nose and smelled the smell of roast mutton, and said, "I will go up and see, and look, and say; for I think it is good. Cat, come with me."

"Nenni!" said the Cat. "I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me. I will not come."

"Then we can never be friends again," said Wild Dog, and he trotted off to the Cave. But when he had gone a little way the Cat said to himself, "All places are alike to me. Why should I not go too and see and look and come away at my own liking?" So he slipped after Wild Dog softly, very softly, and hid himself where he could hear everything.

When Wild Dog reached the mouth of the Cave, he lifted up the dried horse-skin with his nose and sniffed the beautiful smell of the roast mutton, and the Woman, looking at the blade-bone, heard him, and laughed, and said, "Here comes the first. Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, what do you want?"

Wild Dog said, "O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy, what is this that smells so good in the Wild Woods?"

Then the Woman picked up a roasted mutton-bone and threw it to Wild Dog, and said, "Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, taste and try." Wild Dog gnawed the bone and it was more delicious than anything he had every tasted, and he said, "O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy, give me another."

The Woman said, "Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, help my Man to hunt through the day and guard this Cave at night, and I will give you as many roast bones as you need."

"Ah!" said the Cat, listening. "This is a very wise Woman, but she is not so wise as I am."

Wild Dog crawled into the Cave and laid his head on the Woman's lap, and said, "O my Friend and Wife of my Friend, I will help your Man to hunt through the day, and at night I will guard your Cave."

"Ah!" said the Cat, listening. "That is a very foolish Dog." And he went back through the Wet Wild Woods waving his wild tail, and walking by his wild lone. But he never told anybody.

When the Man waked up, he said, "What is Wild Dog doing here?" And the Woman said, "His name is not Wild Dog any more, but the First Friend, because he will be our friend for always and always and always. Take him with you when you go hunting."

Next night the Woman cut great green armfuls of fresh grass from the water-meadows, and dried it before the fire, so that it smelt like new-mown hay, and she sat at the mouth of the Cave and plaited a halter out of horsehide, and she looked at the shoulder of mutton-bone — at the big broad blade-bone — and she made a Magic. She made the Second Singing Magic in the world.

Out in the Wild Woods all the wild animals wondered what had happened to Wild Dog, and at last Wild Horse stamped with his foot and said, "I will go and see and say why Wild Dog has not returned. Cat, come with me."

This is the picture of the Cave where the Man and the Woman lived first of all. It was really a very nice Cave, and much warmer than it looks. The Man had a canoe. It is on the edge of the river, being soaked in the water to make it swell up. The tattery-looking thing across the river is the Man's salmon-net to catch salmon with. There are nice clean stones leading up from the river to the mouth of the Cave, so that the Man and the Woman could go down for water without getting sand between their toes. The things like black-beetles far down the beach are really trunks of dead trees that floated down the river from the Wet Wild Woods on the other bank. The Man and the Woman used to drag them out and dry them and cut them up for firewood. I haven't drawn the horsehide curtain at the mouth of the Cave, because the Woman has just taken it down to be cleaned. All those little smudges on the sand between the Cave and the river are the marks of the Woman's feet and the Man's feet.

The Man and the Woman are both inside the Cave eating their dinner. They went to another cozier Cave when the Baby came, because the Baby used to crawl down to the river and fall in, and the Dog had to pull him out.



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"Nenni!" said the Cat. "I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me. I will not come." But all the same he followed Wild Horse softly, very softly, and hid himself where he could hear everything.

When the Woman heard Wild Horse tripping and stumbling on his long mane, she laughed and said, "Here comes the second. Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, what do you want?"

Wild Horse said, "O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy, where is Wild Dog?"

The Woman laughed, and picked up the blade-bone and looked at it, and said, "Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, you did not come here for Wild Dog, but for the sake of this good grass."

And Wild Horse, tripping and stumbling on his long mane, said, "That is true; give it me to eat."

The Woman said, "Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, bend your wild head and wear what I give you, and you shall eat the wonderful grass three times a day."

"Ah," said the Cat, listening, "this is a clever Woman, but she is not so clever as I am."

Wild Horse bent his wild head, and the Woman slipped the plaited hide halter over it, and Wild Horse breathed on the Woman's feet and said, "O my Mistress and Wife of my Master, I will be your servant for the sake of the wonderful grass."

"Ah," said the Cat, listening, "that is a very foolish Horse." And he went back through the Wet

Wild Woods, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone. But he never told anybody.

When the Man and the Dog came back from hunting, the Man said, "What is Wild Horse doing here?" And the Woman said, "His name is not Wild Horse any more, but the First Servant, because he will carry us from place to place for always and always and always. Ride on his back when you go hunting "

Next day, holding her wild head high that her wild horns should not catch in the wild trees, Wild Cow came up to the Cave, and the Cat followed, and hid himself just the same as before; and everything happened just the same as before; and the Cat said the same things as before, and when Wild Cow had promised to give her milk to the Woman every day in exchange for the wonderful grass, the Cat went back through the Wet Wild Woods waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone, just the same as before. But he never told anybody. And when the Man and the Horse and the Dog came home from hunting and asked the same questions same as before, the Woman said, "Her name is not Wild Cow any more, but the Giver of Good Food. She will give us the warm white milk for always and always and always, and I will take care of her while you and the First Friend and the First Servant go hunting."

Next day the Cat waited to see if any other Wild Thing would go up to the Cave, but no one moved in the Wet Wild Woods, so the Cat walked there by

This is the picture of the Cat that Walked by Himself, walking by his wild lone through the Wet Wild Woods and waving his wild tail. There is nothing else in the picture except some toadstools. They had to grow there because the woods were so wet. The lumpy thing on the low branch isn't a bird. It is moss that grew there because the Wild Woods were so wet.

Underneath the truly picture is a picture of the cozy Cave that the Man and the Woman went to after the Baby came. It was their summer Cave, and they planted wheat in front of it. The man is riding on the Horse to find the Cow and bring her back to the Cave to be milked. He is holding up his hand to call the Dog, who has swum across to the other side of the river, looking for rabbits.



himself; and he saw the Woman milking the Cow, and he saw the light of the fire in the Cave, and he smelt the smell of the warm white milk.

Cat said, "O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy, where did Wild Cow go?"

The Woman laughed and said, "Wild Thing out of the Wild Woods, go back to the Woods again, for I have braided up my hair, and I have put away the magic blade-bone, and we have no more need of either friends or servants in our Cave."

Cat said, "I am not a friend, and I am not a servant. I am the Cat who walks by himself, and I wish to come into your Cave."

Woman said, "Then why did you not come with First Friend on the first night?"

Cat grew very angry and said, "Has Wild Dog told tales of me?"

Then the Woman laughed and said, "You are the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to you. You are neither a friend nor a servant. You have said it yourself. Go away and walk by yourself in all places alike."

Then Cat pretended to be sorry and said, "Must I never come into the Cave? Must I never sit by the warm fire? Must I never drink the warm white milk? You are very wise and very beautiful. You should not be cruel even to a Cat."

Woman said, "I knew I was wise, but I did not know I was beautiful. So I will make a bargain

with you. If ever I say one word in your praise you may come into the Cave."

"And if you say two words in my praise?" said the Cat.

"I never shall," said the Woman, "but if I say two words in your praise, you may sit by the fire in the Cave."

"And if you say three words?" said the Cat.

"I never shall," said the Woman, "but if I say three words in your praise, you may drink the warm white milk three times a day for always and always and always."

Then the Cat arched his back and said, "Now let the Curtain at the mouth of the Cave, and the Fire at the back of the Cave, and the Milk-pots that stand beside the Fire, remember what my Enemy and the Wife of my Enemy has said." And he went away through the Wet Wild Woods waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone.

That night when the Man and the Horse and the Dog came home from hunting, the Woman did not tell them of the bargain that she had made with the Cat, because she was afraid that they might not like it

Cat went far and far away and hid himself in the Wet Wild Woods by his wild lone for a long time till the Woman forgot all about him. Only the Bat — the little upside-down Bat — that hung inside the Cave, knew where Cat hid; and every evening Bat would fly to Cat with news of what was happening.

One evening Bat said, "There is a Baby in the Cave. He is new and pink and fat and small, and the Woman is very fond of him."

"Ah," said the Cat, listening, "but what is the Baby fond of?"

"He is fond of things that are soft and tickle," said the Bat. "He is fond of warm things to hold in his arms when he goes to sleep. He is fond of being played with. He is fond of all those things."

"Ah," said the Cat, listening, "then my time has come."

Next night Cat walked through the Wet Wild Woods and hid very near the Cave till morning-time, and Man and Dog and Horse went hunting. The Woman was busy cooking that morning, and the Baby cried and interrupted. So she carried him outside the Cave and gave him a handful of pebbles to play with. But still the Baby cried.

Then the Cat put out his paddy-paw and patted the Baby on the cheek, and it cooed; and the Cat rubbed against its fat knees and tickled it under its fat chin with his tail. And the Baby laughed; and the Woman heard him and smiled.

Then the Bat — the little upside-down Bat — that hung in the mouth of the Cave said, "O my Hostess and Wife of my Host and Mother of my Host's Son, a Wild Thing from the Wild Woods is most beautifully playing with your Baby."

"A blessing on that Wild Thing whoever he may be," said the Woman, straightening her back, "for

I was a busy woman this morning and he has done me a service."

That very minute and second, Best Beloved, the dried horseskin Curtain that was stretched tail-down at the mouth of the Cave fell down — *woosh!* — because it remembered the bargain she had made with the Cat, and when the Woman went to pick it up — lo and behold! — the Cat was sitting quite comfy inside the Cave.

"O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy," said the Cat, "it is I: for you have spoken a word in my praise, and now I can sit within the Cave for always and always and always. But still I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me."

The Woman was very angry, and shut her lips tight and took up her spinning-wheel and began to spin.

But the Baby cried because the Cat had gone away, and the Woman could not hush it, for it struggled and kicked and grew black in the face.

"O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy," said the Cat, "take a strand of the line that you are spinning and tie it to your spinning-whorl* and drag it along the floor, and I will show you a magic that shall make your Baby laugh as loudly as he is now crying."

"I will do so," said the Woman, "because I

* This is a little bead or button of clay or stone or shell fastened to the end of the thread that is being spun, tc keep it steady. It was one of the first things that was ever made.

am at my wits' end; but I will not thank you for it."

She tied the thread to the little clay spindle-whorl and drew it across the floor, and the Cat ran after it and patted it with his paws and rolled head over heels, and tossed it backward over his shoulder and chased it between his hind legs and pretended to lose it, and pounced down upon it again, till the Baby laughed as loudly as it had been crying, and scrambled after the Cat and frolicked all over the Cave till it grew tired and settled down to sleep with the Cat in its arms.

"Now," said the Cat, "I will sing the Baby a song that shall keep him asleep for an hour." And he began to purr, loud and low, low and loud, till the Baby fell fast asleep. The Woman smiled as she looked down upon the two of them and said, "That was wonderfully done. No question but you are very clever, O Cat."

That very minute and second, Best Beloved, the smoke of the fire at the back of the Cave came down in clouds from the roof — *puff!* — because it remembered the bargain she had made with the Cat, and when it had cleared away — lo and behold! — the Cat was sitting quite comfy close to the fire.

"O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy," said the Cat, "it is I: for you have spoken a second word in my praise, and now I can sit by the warm fire at the back of the Cave for always and always and always. But still I am the

Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me."

Then the Woman was very, very angry, and let down her hair and put more wood on the fire and brought out the broad blade-bone of the shoulder of mutton and began to make a Magic that should prevent her from saying a third word in praise of the Cat. It was not a Singing Magic, Best Beloved, it was a Still Magic; and by and by the Cave grew so still that a little wee-wee mouse crept out of the corner and ran across the floor.

"O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy," said the Cat, "is that little mouse part of your magic?"

"Ouh! Chee! No indeed!" said the Woman, and she dropped the blade-bone and jumped upon the footstool in front of the fire and braided up her hair very quick for fear that the mouse should run up it.

"Ah!" said the Cat, watching, "then the mouse will do me no harm if I eat it?"

"No," said the Woman, braiding up her hair, "eat it quickly and I will ever be grateful to you."

Cat made one jump and caught the little mouse, and the Woman said, "A hundred thanks. Even the First Friend is not quick enough to catch little mice as you have done. You must be very wise."

That very moment and second, O Best Beloved, the Milk-pot that stood by the fire cracked in two pieces — *ffft* — because it remembered the bargain she had made with the Cat, and when the

Woman jumped down from the footstool — lo and behold! — the Cat was lapping up the warm white milk that lay in one of the broken pieces.

"O my Enemy and Wife of my Enemy and Mother of my Enemy," said the Cat, "it is I: for you have spoken three words in my praise, and now I can drink the warm white milk three times a day for always and always and always. But *still* I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me."

Then the Woman laughed and set the Cat a bowl of the warm white milk and said, "O Cat, you are as clever as a man, but remember that your bargain was not made with the Man or the Dog, and I do not know what they will do when they come home."

"What is that to me?" said the Cat. "If I have my place in the Cave by the fire and my warm white milk three times a day, I do not care what the Man or the Dog can do."

That evening when the Man and the Dog came into the Cave, the Woman told them all the story of the bargain, while the Cat sat by the fire and smiled. Then the Man said, "Yes, but he has not made a bargain with *me* or with all proper Men after me." Then he took off his two leather boots and he took up his little stone axe (that makes three) and he fetched a piece of wood and a hatchet (that is five altogether), and he set them out in a row and he said, "Now we will make *our* bargain. If you do not catch mice when you are in the Cave for always and always and always, I will throw these five things at you

whenever I see you, and so shall all proper Men do after me."

"Ah," said the Woman, listening, "this is a very clever Cat, but he is not so clever as my Man."

The Cat counted the five things (and they looked very knobby) and he said, "I will catch mice when I am in the Cave for always and always and always; but *still* I am the Cat who walks by himself, and all places are alike to me."

"Not when I am near," said the Man. "If you had not said that last I would have put all these things away for always and always and always; but I am now going to throw my two boots and my little stone axe (that makes three) at you whenever I meet you. And so shall all proper Men do after me!"

Then the Dog said, "Wait a minute. He has not made a bargain with *me* or with all proper Dogs after me." And he showed his teeth and said, "If you are not kind to the Baby while I am in the Cave for always and always and always, I will hunt you till I catch you, and when I catch you I will bite you. And so shall all proper Dogs do after me."

"Ah," said the Woman, listening, "this is a very clever Cat, but he is not so clever as the Dog.'

Cat counted the Dog's teeth (and they looked very pointed) and he said, "I will be kind to the Baby while I am in the Cave, as long as he does not pull my tail too hard, for always and always and always. But *still* I am the Cat that walks by himself, and all places are alike to me."

"Not when I am near," said the Dog. "If you had not said that last I would have shut my mouth for always and always and always; but *now* I am going to hunt you up a tree whenever I meet you. And so shall all proper Dogs do after me."

Then the Man threw his two boots and his little stone axe (that makes three) at the Cat; and the Cat ran out of the Cave and the Dog chased him up a tree; and from that day to this, Best Beloved, three proper Men out of five will always throw things at a Cat whenever they meet him, and all proper Dogs will chase him up a tree. But the Cat keeps his side of the bargain too. He will kill mice and he will be kind to Babies when he is in the house, just as long as they do not pull his tail too hard. But when he has done that, and between times, and when the moon gets up and night comes, he is the Cat that walks by himself, and all places are alike to him. Then he goes out to the Wet Wild Woods or up the Wet Wild Trees or on the Wet Wild Roofs, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone.

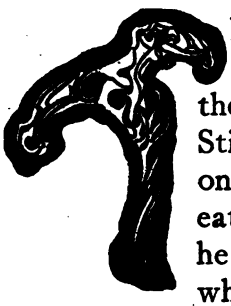
PUSSY AND BINKIE

Pussy can sit by the fire and sing,
 Pussy can climb a tree,
Or play with a silly old cork and string
 To 'muse herself, not me.
But I like *Binkie*, my dog, because
 He knows how to behave;
So, *Binkie's* the same as the First Friend was
 And I am the Man in the Cave.

Pussy will play man-Friday till
 It's time to wet her paw
And make her walk on the window-sill
 (For the footprint Crusoe saw);
Then she fluffles her tail and mews,
 And scratches and won't attend.
But *Binkie* will play whatever I choose,
 And he is my true First Friend.

Pussy will rub my knees with her head,
 Pretending she loves me hard;
But the very minute I go to my bed
 Pussy runs out in the yard,
And there she stays till the morning-light;
 So I know it is only pretend;
But *Binkie*, he snores at my feet all night,
 And he is my Firstest Friend!

THE BEGINNING OF THE ARMADILLOS



THIS, O Best Beloved, is another story of the High and Far-off Times. In the very middle of those times was a Stickly-Prickly Hedgehog, and he lived on the banks of the turbid Amazon, eating shelly snails and things. And he had a friend, a Slow-Solid Tortoise, who lived on the banks of the turbid Amazon, eating green lettuces and things. And so *that* was all right, Best Beloved. Do you see?

But also, and at the same time, in those High and Far-off Times, there was a Painted Jaguar, and he lived on the banks of the turbid Amazon too; and he ate everything that he could catch. When he could not catch deer or monkeys, he would eat frogs and beetles; when he could not catch frogs and beetles, he went to his Mother Jaguar, and she told him how to eat hedgehogs and tortoises.

She said to him ever so many times, graciously waving her tail: "My son, when you find a Hedgehog you must drop him into the water and then he will uncoil, and when you catch a Tortoise, you must scoop him out of his shell with your paw." And so that was all right, Best Beloved.

One beautiful night on the banks of the turbid Amazon, Painted Jaguar found Stickly-Prickly Hedgehog and Slow-Solid Tortoise sitting under the trunk of a fallen tree. They could not run away, and so Stickly-Prickly curled himself up into a ball, because he was a Hedgehog, and Slow-Solid Tortoise drew his head and feet into his shell as far as they would go, because he was a Tortoise; and so *that* was all right, Best Beloved. Do you see?

"Now attend to me," said Painted Jaguar, "because this is very important. My mother said that when I meet a Hedgehog, I am to drop him into the water and then he will uncoil, and when I meet a Tortoise, I am to scoop him out of his shell with my paw. Now which of you is Hedgehog and which is Tortoise? because to save my spots, I can't tell."

"Are you sure of what your Mummy told you?" said Stickly-Prickly Hedgehog. "Are you quite sure? Perhaps she said that when you uncoil a Tortoise you must shell him out of the water with a scoop, and when you paw a Hedgehog you must drop him on the shell."

"Are you sure of what your Mummy told you?" said Slow-and-Solid Tortoise. "Are you quite sure? Perhaps she said that when you water a Hedgehog you must drop him into your paw, and when you meet a Tortoise you must shell him till he uncoils."

"I don't think it was at all like that," said Painted Jaguar, but he felt a little puzzled; "but, please, say it again more distinctly."

"When you scoop water with your paw you uncoil it with a Hedgehog," said Stickly-Prickly. "Remember that, because it's important."

"*But*," said the Tortoise, "when you paw your meat you drop it into a Tortoise with a scoop. Why can't you understand?"

"You are making my spots ache," said Painted Jaguar; "and, besides, I didn't want your advice at all. I only wanted to know which of you is Hedgehog and which is Tortoise."

"I shan't tell you," said Stickly-Prickly; "but you can scoop me out of my shell if you like."

"Aha!" said Painted Jaguar. "Now I know you're Tortoise. You thought I wouldn't! Now I will." Painted Jaguar darted out his paddy-paw just as Stickly-Prickly curled himself up, and of course Jaguar's paddy-paw was just filled with prickles. Worse than that, he knocked Stickly-Prickly away and away into the woods and the bushes, where it was too dark to find him. Then he put his paddy-paw into his mouth, and of course the prickles hurt him worse than ever. As soon as he could speak he said, "Now I know he isn't Tortoise at all. But" — and then he scratched his head with his unprickly paw — "how do I know that this other is Tortoise?"

"But I *am* Tortoise," said Slow-and-Solid. "Your mother was quite right. She said that you were to scoop me out of my shell with your paw. Begin."

"You didn't say she said that a minute ago," said Painted Jaguar, sucking the prickles out of his

paddy-paw. "You said she said something quite different."

"Well, suppose you say that I said that she said something quite different, I don't see that it makes any difference; because if she said what you said I said she said, it's just the same as if I said what she said she said. On the other hand, if you think she said that you were to uncoil me with a scoop, instead of pawing me into drops with a shell, I can't help that, can I?"

"But you said you wanted to be scooped out of your shell with my paw," said Painted Jaguar.

"If you'll think again you'll find that I didn't say anything of the kind. I said that your mother said that you were to scoop me out of my shell," said Slow-and-Solid.

"What will happen if I do?" said the Jaguar most sniffily and most cautious.

"I don't know, because I've never been scooped out of my shell before; but I tell you truly, if you want to see me swim away you've only got to drop me into the water."

"I don't believe it," said Painted Jaguar. "You've mixed up all the things my mother told me to do with the things that you asked me whether I was sure that she didn't say, till I don't know whether I'm on my head or my painted tail; and now you come and tell me something I *can* understand, and it makes me more mixy than before. My mother told me that I was to drop one of you two into the

water, and as you seem so anxious to be dropped, I think you don't want to be dropped. So jump into the turbid Amazon and be quick about it."

"I warn you that your Mummy won't be pleased. Don't tell her I didn't tell you," said Slow-and-Solid.

"If you say another word about what my mother said ——" the Jaguar answered, but he had not finished the sentence before Slow-and-Solid quietly dived into the turbid Amazon, swam under water for a long way, and came out on the bank where Stickly-Prickly was waiting for him.

"That was a very narrow escape," said Stickly-Prickly. "I don't like Painted Jaguar. What did you tell him that you were?"

"I told him truthfully that I was a truthful Tortoise, but he wouldn't believe it, and he made me jump into the river to see if I was, and I was, and he is surprised. Now he's gone to tell his Mummy. Listen to him!"

They could hear Painted Jaguar roaring up and down among the trees and the bushes by the side of the turbid Amazon, till his Mummy came.

"Son, son!" said his mother ever so many times, graciously waving her tail, "what have you been doing that you shouldn't have done?"

"I tried to scoop something that said it wanted to be scooped out of its shell with my paw, and my paw is full of per-ickles," said Painted Jaguar.

"Son, son!" said his mother ever so many times, graciously waving her tail, "by the prickles in your

paddy-paw I see that that must have been a Hedgehog. You should have dropped him into the water."

"I did that to the other thing; and he said he was a Tortoise, and I didn't believe him, and it was quite true, and he has dived under the turbid Amazon, and he won't come up again, and I haven't anything at all to eat, and I think we had better find lodgings somewhere else. They are too clever on the turbid Amazon for poor me!"

"Son, son!" said his mother ever so many times, graciously waving her tail, "now attend to me and remember what I say. A Hedgehog curls himself up into a ball and his prickles stick out every which way at once. By this you may know the Hedgehog."

"I don't like this old lady one little bit," said Stickly-Prickly, under the shadow of a large leaf. "I wonder what else she knows?"

"A Tortoise can't curl himself up," Mother Jaguar went on, ever so many times, graciously waving her tail. "He only draws his head and legs into his shell. By this you may know the Tortoise."

"I don't like this old lady at all — at all," said Slow-and-Solid Tortoise. "Even Painted Jaguar can't forget those directions. It's a great pity that you can't swim, Stickly-Prickly."

"Don't talk to me," said Stickly-Prickly. "Just think how much better it would be if you could curl up. This *is* a mess! Listen to Painted Jaguar."

Painted Jaguar was sitting on the banks of the

turbid Amazon sucking prickles out of his paws and saying to himself:

"Can't curl, but can swim —
Slow-Solid, that's him!
Curls up, but can't swim —
Stickly-Prickly, that's him!"

"He'll never forget that, this month of Sundays," said Stickly-Prickly. "Hold up my chin, Slow-and-Solid. I'm going to try to learn to swim. It may be useful."

"Excellent!" said Slow-and-Solid; and he held up Stickly-Prickly's chin, while Stickly-Prickly kicked in the waters of the turbid Amazon.

"You'll make a fine swimmer yet," said Slow-and-Solid. "Now, if you can unlace my back-plates a little, I'll see what I can do toward curling up. It may be useful."

Stickly-Prickly helped to unlace Tortoise's back-plates, so that by twisting and straining Slow-and-Solid actually managed to curl up a tiddy wee bit.

"Excellent!" said Stickly-Prickly; "but I shouldn't do any more just now. It's making you black in the face. Kindly lead me into the water once again and I'll practise that side-stroke which you say is so easy." And so Stickly-Prickly practised, and Slow-and-Solid swam alongside.

"Excellent!" said Slow-and-Solid. "A little more

practice will make you a regular whale. Now, if I may trouble you to unlace my back and front plates two holes more, I'll try that fascinating bend that you say is so easy. Won't Painted Jaguar be surprised!"

"Excellent!" said Stickly-Prickly, all wet from the turbid Amazon. "I declare, I shouldn't know you from one of my own family. Two holes, I think you said? A little more expression, please, and don't grunt quite so much, or Painted Jaguar may hear us. When you've finished, I want to try that long dive which you say is so easy. Won't Painted Jaguar be surprised!"

And so Stickly-Prickly dived, and Slow-and-Solid dived alongside.

"Excellent!" said Slow-and-Solid. "A leetle more attention to holding your breath and you will be able to keep house at the bottom of the turbid Amazon. Now I'll try that exercise of wrapping my hind legs round my ears which you say is so peculiarly comfortable. Won't Painted Jaguar be surprised!"

"Excellent!" said Stickly-Prickly. "But it's straining your back-plates a little. They are all overlapping now, instead of lying side by side."

"Oh, that's the result of exercise," said Slow-and-Solid. "I've noticed that your prickles seem to be melting into one another and that you're growing to look rather more like a pine-cone, and less like a chestnut-burr, than you used to."

"Am I?" said Stickly-Prickly. "That comes from my soaking in the water. Oh, won't Painted Jaguar be surprised!"

They went on with their exercises, each helping the other, till morning came; and when the sun was high, they rested and dried themselves. Then they saw that they were both of them quite different from what they had been.

"Stickly-Prickly," said Tortoise after breakfast, "I am not what I was yesterday; but I think that I may yet amuse Painted Jaguar."

"That was the very thing I was thinking just now," said Stickly-Prickly. "I think scales are a tremendous improvement on prickles — to say nothing of being able to swim. Oh, *won't* Painted Jaguar be surprised! Let's go and find him."

By and by they found Painted Jaguar, still nursing his paddy-paw that had been hurt the night before. He was so astonished that he fell three times backward over his own painted tail without stopping.

"Good morning!" said Stickly-Prickly. "And how is your dear gracious Mummy this morning?"

"She is quite well, thank you," said Painted Jaguar; "but you must forgive me if I do not at this precise moment recall your name."

"That's unkind of you," said Stickly-Prickly, "seeing that this time yesterday you tried to scoop me out of my shell with your paw."

"But you hadn't any shell. It was all prickles,"

said Painted Jaguar. "I know it was. Just look at my paw!"

"You told me to drop into the turbid Amazon and be drowned," said Slow-Solid. "Why are you so rude and forgetful to-day?"

"Don't you remember what your mother told you?" said Stickly-Prickly:

"Can't curl, but can swim —
Stickly-Prickly, that's him!
Curls up, but can't swim —
Slow-Solid, that's him!"

Then they both curled themselves up and rolled round and round Painted Jaguar till his eyes turned cart-wheels in his head.

Then he went to fetch his mother.

"Mother," he said, "there are two new animals in the woods to-day, and the one that you said couldn't swim, swims, and the one that you said couldn't curl up, curls; and they've gone shares in their prickles, I think, because both of them are scaly all over, instead of one being smooth and the other very prickly; and, besides that, they are rolling round and round in circles, and I don't feel comfy."

"Son, son!" said Mother Jaguar ever so many times, graciously waving her tail, "a Hedgehog is a Hedgehog, and can't be anything but a Hedgehog, and a Tortoise is a Tortoise, and can never be anything else."

This is a picture of the whole story of the Jaguar and the Hedgehog and the Tortoise *and* the Armadillo all in a heap. It looks rather the same any way you turn it. The Tortoise is in the middle, learning how to bend, and that is why the shelly plates on his back are so spread apart. He is standing on the Hedgehog, who is waiting to learn how to swim. The Hedgehog is a Japanesy Hedgehog, because I couldn't find our own Hedgehogs in the garden when I wanted to draw them. (It was daytime, and they had gone to bed under the dahlias.) Speckly Jaguar is looking over the edge, with his paddy-paw carefully tied up by his mother, because he pricked himself scooping the Hedgehog. He is much surprised to see what the Tortoise is doing, and his paw is hurting him. The snouty thing with the little eye that Specky Jaguar is trying to climb over is the Armadillo that the Tortoise and the Hedgehog are going to turn into when they have finished bending and swimming. It is all a magic picture, and that is one of the reasons why I haven't drawn the Jaguar's whiskers. The other reason was that he was so young that his whiskers had not grown. The Jaguar's pet name with his Mummy was Doffles.



"But it isn't a Hedgehog, and it isn't a Tortoise. It's a little bit of both, and I don't know its proper name."

'Nonsense!" said Mother Jaguar. "Everything has its proper name. I should call it 'Armadillo' till I found out the real one. And I should leave it alone."

So Painted Jaguar did as he was told, especially about leaving them alone; but the curious thing is that from that day to this, O Best Beloved, no one on the banks of the turbid Amazon has ever called Stickly-Prickly and Slow-Solid anything except Armadillo. There are Hedgehogs and Tortoises in other places, of course (there are some in our garden), but the real old and clever kind, with their scales lying lippety-lappety one over the other, like pine-cone scales, that lived on the banks of the turbid Amazon in the High and Far-off Days, are always called Armadillos, because they were so clever.

So *that's* all right, Best Beloved. Do you see?

ROLLING DOWN TO RIO

I've never sailed the Amazon,
I've never reached Brazil;
But the *Don* and *Magdalena*,
They can go there when they will!

Yes, weekly from Southampton,
Great steamers, white and gold,
Go rolling down to Rio
(Roll down — roll down to Rio!)
And I'd like to roll to Rio
Some day before I'm old!

I've never seen a Jaguar,
Nor yet an Armadill
O dilloing in his armor,
And I s'pose I never will.

Unless I go to Rio
These wonders to behold —
Roll down — roll down to Rio —
Roll really down to Rio!
Oh, I'd love to roll to Rio
Some day before I'm old!

THE SING-SONG OF OLD MAN KANGAROO



NOT always was the Kangaroo as now we do behold him, but a Different Animal with four short legs. He was gray and he was woolly, and his pride was unlimited: he danced on an outcrop in the middle of Australia, and he went to the Little God Nqa.

He went to Nqa at six before breakfast, saying, "Make me different from all other animals by five this afternoon."

Up jumped Nqa from his seat on the sand-flat and shouted, "Go away!"

He was gray and he was woolly, and his pride was unlimited: he danced on a rock-ledge in the middle of Australia, and he went to the Middle God Nquing.

He went to Nquing at eight after breakfast, saying, "Make me different from the other animals; make me, also, wonderfully popular by five this afternoon."

Up jumped Nquing from his burrow in the spinifex and shouted, "Go away!"

He was gray and he was woolly, and his pride was

unlimited: he danced on a sand-bank in the middle of Australia, and he went to the Big God Nqong.

He went to Nqong at ten before dinner-time, saying, "Make me different from all other animals; make me popular and wonderfully run after by five this afternoon."

Up jumped Nqong from his bath in the salt-pan and shouted, "Yes, I will!"

Nqong called Dingo — Yellow-Dog Dingo — always hungry, dusty in the sunshine, and showed him Kangaroo. Nqong said, "Dingo! Wake up, Dingo! Do you see that gentleman dancing on an ashpit? He wants to be popular and very truly run after. Dingo, make him so!"

Up jumped Dingo — Yellow-Dog Dingo — and said, "What, *that* cat-rabbit?"

Off ran Dingo — Yellow-Dog Dingo — always hungry, grinning like a coal-scuttle — ran after Kangaroo.

Off went the proud Kangaroo on his four little legs like a bunny.

This, O Beloved of mine, ends the first part of the tale!

He ran through the desert; he ran through the mountains; he ran through the salt-pans; he ran through the reed-beds; he ran through the blue gums, he ran through the spinifex; he ran till his front legs ached.

He had to!

Still ran Dingo — Yellow-Dog Dingo — always

This is a picture of Old Man Kangaroo when he was the Different Animal with four short legs. I have drawn him gray and woolly, and you can see that he is very proud because he has a wreath of flowers in his hair. He is dancing on an outcrop (that means a ledge of rock) in the middle of Australia at six o'clock before breakfast. You can see that it is six o'clock, because the sun is just getting up. The thing with the ears and the open mouth is Little God Nqa. Nqa is very much surprised, because he has never seen a Kangaroo dance like that before. Little God Nqa is just saying, "Go away," but the Kangaroo is so busy dancing that he has not heard him yet.

The Kangaroo hasn't any real name except Boomer. He lost it because he was so proud



UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

hungry, grinning like a rat-trap, never getting nearer, never getting farther — ran after Kangaroo.

He had to!

Still ran Kangaroo — Old Man Kangaroo. He ran through the ti-trees; he ran through the mulga; he ran through the long grass; he ran through the short grass; he ran through the Tropics of Capricorn and Cancer; he ran till his hind legs ached.

He had to!

Still ran Dingo — Yellow-Dog Dingo — hungrier and hungrier, grinning like a horse-collar, never getting nearer, never getting farther; and they came to the Wollgong River.

Now, there wasn't any bridge, and there wasn't any ferry-boat, and Kangaroo didn't know how to get over; so he stood on his legs and hopped.

He had to!

He hopped through the Flinders; he hopped through the Cinders; he hopped through the deserts in the middle of Australia. He hopped like a Kangaroo.

First he hopped one yard; then he hopped three yards; then he hopped five yards; his legs growing stronger; his legs growing longer. He hadn't any time for rest or refreshment, and he wanted them very much.

Still ran Dingo — Yellow-Dog Dingo — very much bewildered, very much hungry, and wondering what in the world or out of it made Old Man Kangaroo hop.

For he hopped like a cricket; like a pea in a saucepan; or a new rubber ball on a nursery floor.

He had to!

He tucked up his front legs; he hopped on his hind legs; he stuck out his tail for a balance-weight behind him; and he hopped through the Darling Downs.

He had to!

Still ran Dingo — Tired-Dog Dingo — hungrier and hungrier, very much bewildered, and wondering when in the world or out of it would Old Man Kangaroo stop.

Then came Nqong from his bath in the salt-pans, and said, "It's five o'clock."

Down sat Dingo — Poor-Dog Dingo — always hungry, dusky in the sunshine; hung out his tongue and howled.

Down sat Kangaroo — Old Man Kangaroo — stuck out his tail like a milking-stool behind him, and said, "Thank goodness, *that's* finished!"

Then said Nqong, who is always a gentleman, "Why aren't you grateful to Yellow-Dog Dingo? Why don't you thank him for all he has done for you?"

Then said Kangaroo — Tired Old Kangaroo — "He's chased me out of the homes of my childhood; he's chased me out of my regular meal-times; he's altered my shape so I'll never get it back; and he's played Old Scratch with my legs."

Then said Nqong, "Perhaps I'm mistaken, but

This is the picture of Old Man Kangaroo at five in the afternoon, when he had got his beautiful hind legs just as Big God Nqong had promised. You can see that it is five o'clock, because Big God Nqong's pet tame clock says so. That is Nqong, in his bath, sticking his feet out. Old Man Kangaroo is being rude to Yellow-Dog Dingo. Yellow-Dog Dingo has been trying to catch Kangaroo all across Australia. You can see the marks of Kangaroo's big new feet running ever so far back over the bare hills. Yellow-Dog Dingo is drawn black, because I am not allowed to paint these pictures with real colors out of the paint-box; and, besides, Yellow-Dog Dingo got dreadfully black and dusty after running through the Flinders and the Cinders.

I don't know the names of the flowers growing round Nqong's bath. The two little squatty things out in the desert are the other two gods that Old Man Kangaroo spoke to early in the morning. That thing with the letters on it is Old Man Kangaroo's pouch. He had to have a pouch just as he had to have legs.



didn't you ask me to make you different from all other animals, as well as to make you very truly sought after? And now it is five o'clock."

"Yes," said Kangaroo. "I wish that I hadn't. I thought you would do it by charms and incantations, but this is a practical joke."

"Joke!" said Nqong from his bath in the blue gums. "Say that again and I'll whistle up Dingo and run your hind legs off."

"No," said the Kangaroo. "I must apologize. Legs are legs, and you needn't alter 'em so far as I am concerned. I only meant to explain to Your Lordliness that I've had nothing to eat since morning, and I'm very empty indeed."

"Yes," said Dingo — Yellow-Dog Dingo — "I am just in the same situation. I've made him different from all other animals; but what may I have for my tea?"

Then said Nqong from his bath in the salt-pan, "Come and ask me about it to-morrow, because I'm going to wash."

So they were left in the middle of Australia, Old Man Kangaroo and Yellow-Dog Dingo, and each said, "That's *your* fault."

OLD MAN KANGAROO AND YELLOW-DOG DINGO

This is the mouth-filling song
Of the race that was run by a Boomer,
Run in a single burst — only event of its kind —
Started by big God Nqong from Warrigaborriga-
rooma,
Old Man Kangaroo first: Yellow-Dog Dingo be-
hind.

Kangaroo bounded away,
His back-legs working like pistons —
Bounded from morning till dark,
Twenty-five feet to a bound.
Yellow-Dog Dingo lay
Like a yellow cloud in the distance —
Much too busy to bark.
My! but they covered the ground!

Nobody knows where they went,
Or followed the track that they flew in,
For that Continent
Hadn't been given a name.
They ran thirty degrees,

From Torres Straits to the Leeuwin
(Look at the Atlas, please),
Then they ran back as they came.

S'posing you could trot
From Adelaide to the Pacific,
For an afternoon's run —
Half what these gentlemen did —
You would feel rather hot,
But your legs would develop terrific —
Yes, my importunate son,
You'd be a Marvelous Kid!

HOW THE CAMEL GOT HIS HUMP



NOW this is the next tale, and it tells how the Camel got his big hump.

In the beginning of years, when the world was so new-and-all, and the Animals were just beginning to work for Man, there was a Camel, and he lived in the middle of a Howling Desert because he did not want to work; and, besides, he was a Howler himself. So he ate sticks and thorns and tamarisks and milkweed and prickles, most 'scruciating idle; and when anybody spoke to him he said "Humph!" Just "Humph!" and no more.

Presently the Horse came to him on Monday morning, with a saddle on his back and a bit in his mouth, and said, "Camel, O Camel, come out and trot like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Horse went away and told the Man.

Presently the Dog came to him, with a stick in his mouth, and said, "Camel, O Camel, come and fetch and carry like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Dog went away and told the Man.

This is the picture of the Djinn making the beginning of the Magic that brought the Humph to the Camel. First he drew a line in the air with his finger, and it became solid; and then he made a cloud, and then he made an egg — you can see them both at the bottom of the picture — and then there was a magic pumpkin that turned into a big white flame. Then the Djinn took his magic fan and fanned that flame till the flame turned into a Magic by itself. It was a good Magic and a very kind Magic really, though it had to give the Camel a Humph because the Camel was lazy. The Djinn in charge of All Deserts was one of the nicest of the Djinns, so he would never do anything really unkind.



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

[illegible]

Presently the Ox came to him, with the yoke on his neck and said, "Camel, O Camel, come and plough like the rest of us."

"Humph!" said the Camel; and the Ox went away and told the Man.

At the end of the day, the Man called the Horse and the Dog and the Ox together, and said, "Three, O Three, I'm very sorry for you (with the world-so-new-and-all); but that Humph-thing in the Desert can't work, or he would have been here by now, so I am going to leave him alone, and you must work double-time to make up for it."

That made the Three very angry (with the world so new-and-all), and they held a pow-wow on the edge of the Desert; and the Camel came chewing milk-weed *most* 'scruciating idle, and laughed at them. Then he said, "Humph!" and went away again.

Presently there came along the Djinn in charge of All Deserts, rolling in a cloud of dust (Djinns always travel that way because it is magic), and he stopped to pow-wow with the Three.

"Djinn of All Deserts," said the Horse, "*is* it right for any one to be idle, with the world-so-new-and-all?"

"Certainly not," said the Djinn.

"Well," said the Horse, "there's a thing in the middle of your Howling Desert (and he's a Howler himself) with a long neck and long legs, and he hasn't done a stroke of work since Monday morning. He won't trot."

"Whew!" said the Djinn, whistling, "that's my Camel, for all the gold in Arabia! What does he say about it?"

"He says 'Humph!'" said the Dog; "and he won't fetch and carry."

"Does he say anything else?"

"Only 'Humph!'; and he won't plough," said the Ox.

"Very good," said the Djinn. "I'll humph him if you will kindly wait a minute."

The Djinn rolled himself up in his dust-cloak, and took a bee-line across the desert, and found the Camel most 'scruciatingly idle, looking at his own reflection in a pool of water.

"My long and bubbling friend," said the Djinn, "what's this I hear of your doing no work, with the world-so-new-and-all?"

"Humph!" said the Camel.

The Djinn sat down, with his chin in his hand, and began to think a Great Magic, while the Camel looked at his own reflection in the pool of water.

"You've given the Three extra work ever since Monday morning, all on account of your 'scruciating idleness," said the Djinn; and he went on thinking Magics, with his chin in his hand.

"Humph!" said the Camel.

"I shouldn't say that again if I were you," said the Djinn; "you might say it once too often. Bubbles, I want you to work."

And the Camel said "Humph!" again; but no

Here is the picture of the Djinn in charge of All Deserts guiding the Magic with his magic fan. The Camel is eating a twig of acacia, and he has just finished saying "humph" once too often (the Djinn told him he would), and so the Humph is coming. The long towelly-thing growing out of the thing like an onion is the Magic, and you can see the Humph on its shoulder. The Humph fits on the flat part of the Camel's back. The Camel is too busy looking at his own beautiful self in the pool of water to know what is going to happen to him.

Underneath the truly picture is a picture of the World-so-new-and-all. There are two smoky volcanoes in it, some other mountains and some stones and a lake and a black island and a twisty river and a lot of other things, as well as a Noah's Ark. I couldn't draw all the deserts that the Djinn was in charge of, so I only drew one, but it is a most deserty desert.



UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

sooner had he said it than he saw his back, that he was so proud of, puffing up and puffing up into a great big lolloping humph.

"Do you see that?" said the Djinn. "That's your very own humph that you've brought upon your very own self by not working. To-day is Thursday, and you've done no work since Monday, when the work began. Now you are going to work."

"How can I," said the Camel, "with this humph on my back?"

"That's made a-purpose," said the Djinn, "all because you missed those three days. You will be able to work now for three days without eating, because you can live on your humph; and don't you ever say I never did anything for you. Come out of the Desert and go to the Three, and behave. Humph yourself!"

And the Camel humphed himself, humph and all, and went away to join the Three. And from that day to this, the Camel always wears a humph (we call it "hump" now, not to hurt his feelings); but he has never yet caught up with the three days that he missed at the beginning of the world, and he has never yet learned how to behave.

THE HUMP

NOTE.—In England, the word "hump" is a slang term for crossness or ill-nature or depression.

The Camel's hump is an ugly lump
 Which well you may see at the Zoo;
But uglier yet is the hump we get
 From having too little to do.

Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo,
If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,
 We get the hump —
 Cameelious hump —
The hump that is black and blue!

We climb out of bed with a frouzly head
 And a snarly-yarly voice.
We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl
 At our bath and our boots and our toys!

And there ought to be a corner for me
(And I know there is one for you)
 When we get the hump —
 Cameelious hump —
The hump that is black and blue!

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,
 Or frowst with a book by the fire;

But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,
And dig till you gently perspire.

And then you will find that the sun and the wind
And the Djinn of the Garden too,
Have lifted the hump —
The horrible hump —
The hump that is black and blue!

I get it as well as you-oo-oo —
If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo —
We all get hump
Cameelious hump —
Kiddies and grown-ups too!

THE ELEPHANT'S CHILD



IN THE High and Far-off times the Elephant, O Best Beloved, had no trunk. He had only a blackish, bulgy nose, as big as a boot, that he could wriggle about from side to side; but he couldn't pick up things with it. But there was one Elephant — a new Elephant — an Elephant's Child — who was full of 'satiable curtiosity, and that means he asked ever so many questions. *And* he lived in Africa, and he filled all Africa with his 'satiable curtiosities. He asked his tall aunt, the Ostrich, why her tail-feathers grew just so, and his tall aunt, the Ostrich, spanked him with her hard, hard claw. He asked his tall uncle, the Giraffe, what made his skin spotty, and his tall uncle, the Giraffe, spanked him with his hard, hard hoof. And still he was full of 'satiable curtiosity! He asked his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, why her eyes were red, and his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, spanked him with her broad, broad hoof; and he asked his hairy uncle, the Baboon, why melons tasted just so, and his hairy uncle, the Baboon, spanked him with his hairy, hairy paw.

And still he was full of 'satiable curtiosity! He asked questions about everything that he saw, or heard, or felt, or smelt, or touched, and all his uncles and his aunts spanked him. And *still* he was full of 'satiable curtiosity!

One fine morning this 'satiable Elephant's Child asked a new fine question that he had never asked before. He asked, "What does the Crocodile have for dinner?" Then everybody said, "Hush!" in a loud and dretful tone, and they spanked him immediately and directly, without stopping, for a long time

By and by, when that was finished, he came upon Kolokolo Bird sitting in the middle of a wait-a-bit thorn-bush, and he said, "My father has spanked me, and my mother has spanked me; all my aunts and uncles have spanked me for my 'satiable curtiosity; and *still* I want to know what the Crocodile has for dinner!"

That very next morning, this 'satiable Elephant's Child took a hundred pounds of bananas (the little short red kind), and a hundred pounds of sugar-cane (the long purple kind), and seventeen melons (the greeny-crackly kind), and said to all his dear families, "Good-bye. I am going to the great gray-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, to find out what the Crocodile has for dinner." And they all spanked him once more for luck, though he asked them most politely to stop.

Then he went away, a little warm, but not at all

astonished, eating melons, and throwing the rind about, because he could not pick it up.

He went from Graham's Town to Kimberley, and from Kimberley to Khama's Country, and from Khama's Country he went east by north, eating melons all the time, till at last he came to the banks of the great gray-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, precisely as Kolokolo Bird had said.

Now you must know and understand, O Best Beloved, that till that very week, and day, and hour, and minute, this 'satiable Elephant's Child had never seen a Crocodile, and did not know what one was like. It was all his 'satiable curtiosity.

The first thing that he found was a Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake curled round a rock.

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, "but have you seen such a thing as a Crocodile in these parts?"

"*Have* I seen a Crocodile?" said the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake, in a voice of dretful scorn. "What will you ask me next?"

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, "but could you kindly tell me what he has for dinner?"

Then the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake uncoiled himself very quickly from the rock, and spanked the Elephant's Child with his scalesome, flailsome tail.

"That is odd," said the Elephant's Child, "because my father and my mother, and my uncle and

my aunt, not to mention my other aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my other uncle, the Baboon, have all spanked me for my 'satiable curtiosity — and I suppose this is the same thing."

So, he said good-bye very politely to the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake, and helped to coil him up on the rock again, and went on, a little warm, but not at all astonished, eating melons, and throwing the rind about, because he could not pick it up, till he trod on what he thought was a log of wood at the very edge of the great gray-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees.

But it was really the Crocodile, O Best Beloved, and the Crocodile winked one eye — like this!

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, "but do you happen to have seen a Crocodile in these parts?"

Then the Crocodile winked the other eye, and lifted half his tail out of the mud; and the Elephant's Child stepped back most politely, because he did not wish to be spanked again.

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile. "Why do you ask such things?"

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, "but my father has spanked me, my mother has spanked me, not to mention my tall aunt, the Ostrich, and my tall uncle, the Giraffe, who can kick ever so hard, as well as my broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my hairy uncle, the Baboon, *and* including the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake,

with the scalesome, flailsome tail, just up the bank, who spanks harder than any of them, and *so*, if it's quite all the same to you, I don't want to be spanked any more."

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile, "for I am the Crocodile," and he wept crocodile-tears to show it was quite true.

Then the Elephant's Child grew all breathless, and panted, and kneeled down on the bank and said, "You are the very person I have been looking for all these long days. Will you please tell me what you have for dinner?"

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile, "and I'll whisper."

Then the Elephant's Child put his head down close to the Crocodile's musky, tusky mouth, and the Crocodile caught him by his little nose, which up to that very week, day, hour, and minute, had been no bigger than a boot, though much more useful.

"I think, said the Crocodile — and he said it between his teeth, like this — "I think to-day I will begin with Elephant's Child!"

At this, O Best Beloved, the Elephant's Child was much annoyed, and he said, speaking through his nose, like this, "Led go! You are hurtig be!"

Then the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake scuffled down from the bank and said, "My young friend, if you do not now, immediately and instantly, pull as hard as ever you can, it is my opinion that your acquaintance in the large-pattern leather ulster"

(and by this he meant the Crocodile) "will jerk you into yonder limpid stream before you can say Jack Robinson."

This is the way Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snakes always talk.

Then the Elephant's Child sat back on his little haunches, and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose began to stretch. And the Crocodile floundered into the water, making it all creamy with great sweeps of his tail, and *he* pulled, and pulled, and pulled.

And the Elephant's Child's nose kept on stretching; and the Elephant's Child spread all his little four legs and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose kept on stretching; and the Crocodile threshed his tail like an oar, and *he* pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and at each pull the Elephant's Child's nose grew longer and longer — and it hurt him hijjus!

Then the Elephant's Child felt his legs slipping, and he said through his nose, which was now nearly five feet long, "This is too butch for be!"

Then the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake came down from the bank, and knotted himself in a double-clove-hitch round the Elephant's Child's hind legs, and said, "Rash and inexperienced traveler, we will now seriously devote ourselves to a little high pulling, because if we do not, it is my impression that yonder self-propelling man-of-war with the armor-plated upper deck" (and by this, O Best Beloved,

he meant the Crocodile), "will permanently injure your future career."

That is the way all Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snakes always talk.

So he pulled, and the Elephant's Child pulled, and the Crocodile pulled; but the Elephant's Child and the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake pulled hardest; and at last the Crocodile let go of the Elephant's Child's nose with a plop that you could hear all up and down the Limpopo.

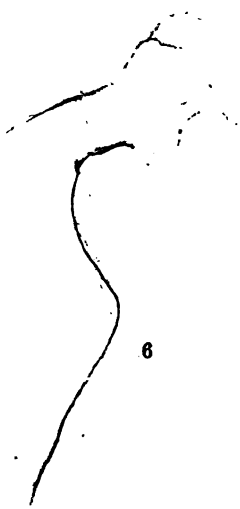
Then the Elephant's Child sat down most hard and sudden; but first he was careful to say, "Thank you" to the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake; and next he was kind to his poor pulled nose, and wrapped it all up in cool banana leaves, and hung it in the great gray-green, greasy Limpopo to cool.

"What are you doing that for?" said the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake.

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, "but my nose is badly out of shape, and I am waiting for it to shrink."

"Then you will have to wait a long time," said the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake. "Some people do not know what is good for them."

The Elephant's Child sat there for three days waiting for his nose to shrink. But it never grew any shorter, and, besides, it made him squint. For, O Best Beloved, you will see and understand that the Crocodile had pulled it out into a really truly trunk same as all Elephants have to-day.



This is the Elephant's Child having his nose pulled by the Crocodile. He is much surprised and astonished and hurt, and he is talking through his nose and saying, "Led go! You are hurtig be!" He is pulling very hard and so is the Crocodile; but the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake is hurrying through the water to help the Elephant's Child. All that black stuff is the banks of the great gray-green, greasy Limpopo River (but I am not allowed to paint these pictures), and the bottly-tree with the twisty roots and the eight leaves is one of the fever trees that grow there.

Underneath the truly picture are shadows of African animals walking into an African ark. There are two lions, two ostriches, two oxen, two camels, two sheep, and two other things that look like rats, but I think they are rock-rabbits. They don't mean anything. I put them in because I thought they looked pretty. They would look very fine if I were allowed to paint them.



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At the end of the third day a fly came and stung him on the shoulder, and before he knew what he was doing he lifted up his trunk and hit that fly dead with the end of it.

"'Vantage number one!" said the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake. "You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Try and eat a little now."

Before he thought what he was doing the Elephant's Child put out his trunk and plucked a large bundle of grass, dusted it clean against his fore legs, and stuffed it into his own mouth.

"'Vantage number two!" said the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake. "You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Don't you think the sun is very hot here?"

"It is," said the Elephant's Child, and before he thought what he was doing, he schlooped up a schloop of mud from the banks of the great gray-green, greasy Limpopo, and slapped it on his head, where it made a cool schloopy-sloshy mud-cap all trickly behind his ears.

"'Vantage number three!" said the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake. "You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Now how do you feel about being spanked again?"

"'Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, "but I should not like it at all."

"How would you like to spank somebody?" said the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake.

"I should like it very much indeed," said the Elephant's Child.

"Well," said the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake, "you will find that new nose of yours very useful to spank people with."

"Thank you," said the Elephant's Child, "I'll remember that; and now I think I'll go home to all my dear families and try."

So the Elephant's Child went home across Africa, frisking and whisking his trunk. When he wanted fruit to eat he pulled fruit down from a tree, instead of waiting for it to fall, as he used to do. When he wanted grass he plucked grass up from the ground, instead of going on his knees, as he used to do. When the flies bit him, he broke off the branch of a tree and used it as a fly-whisk; and he made himself a new, cool, slushy-squushy mud-cap whenever the sun was hot. When he felt lonely walking through Africa he sang to himself down his trunk, and the noise was louder than several brass bands. He went especially out of his way to find a broad Hippopotamus (she was no relation of his), and he spanked her very hard, to make sure that the Bi-Colored-Python-Rock-Snake had spoken the truth about his new trunk. The rest of the time he picked up the melon rinds that he had dropped on his way to the Limpopo — for he was a Tidy Elephant's Child.

One dark evening he came back to all his dear families, and he coiled up his trunk and said, "How do you do?" They were very glad to see him, and

This is just a picture of the Elephant's Child going to pull bananas off a banana-tree after he had got his fine new, long trunk. I don't think it is a very nice picture; but I couldn't make it any better, because elephants and bananas are hard to draw. The streaky things behind the Elephant's Child mean squoggy, marshy country somewhere in Africa. The Elephant's Child made most of his mud cakes out of the mud that he found there. I think it would look better if you painted the banana-tree green and the Elephant's Child red.



immediately said, "Come here and be spanked for your 'satiable curtiosity."

"Pooh!" said the Elephant's Child. "I don't think you peoples know anything about spanking; but *I* do, and I'll show you."

Then he uncurled his trunk and knocked two of his dear brothers head over heels.

"O Bananas!" said they, "where did you learn that trick, and what have you done to your nose?"

"I got a new one from the Crocodile on the banks of the great gray-green, greasy Limpopo River," said the Elephant's Child. "I asked him what he had for dinner, and he gave me this to keep."

"It looks very ugly," said his hairy uncle, the Baboon.

"It does," said the Elephant's Child. "But it's very useful," and he picked up his hairy uncle, the Baboon, by one hairy leg, and hove him into a hornet's nest.

Then that bad Elephant's Child spanked all his dear families for a long time, till they were very warm and greatly astonished. He pulled out his tall Ostrich aunt's tail-feathers; and he caught his tall uncle, the Giraffe, by the hind leg, and dragged him through a thorn-bush; and he shouted at his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, and blew bubbles into her ear when she was sleeping in the water after meals; but he never let any one touch Kolokolo Bird.

At last, things grew so exciting that his dear families went off one by one in a hurry to the banks

of the great gray-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, to borrow new noses from the Crocodile. When they came back, nobody spanked anybody any more; and ever since that day, O Best Beloved, all the Elephants you will ever see, besides all those that you won't, have trunks precisely like the trunk of the 'satiable Elephant's Child.

SIX HONEST SERVING-MEN

I keep six honest serving-men
(They taught me all I knew);
Their names are What and Where and When
And How and Where and Who
I send them over land and sea,
I send them east and west;
But after they have worked for me,
I give them all a rest.

I let them rest from nine till five,
For I am busy then,
As well as breakfast, lunch, and tea,
For they are hungry men:
But different folk have different views;
I know a person small —
She keeps ten million serving-men,
Who get no rest at all!
She sends 'em abroad on her own affairs,
From the second she opens her eyes —
One million Hows, two million Wheres,
And seven million Whys!

MOWGLI'S BROTHERS

NOTE.— In the "Jungle Book" Kipling tells the story of a little brown baby in India that strayed away from his home and was nursed and adopted by Mother Wolf. Akela, the Father Wolf, took him to the council of the Pack. The Pack adopted him and named him Mowgli, which means Little Frog. Besides, Father and Mother Wolf, Baloo, the Bear, and Bagheera, the black panther, agreed to be responsible for Mowgli to the Pack.



OWGLI grew up with the cubs, though they of course were grown wolves almost before he was a child, and Father Wolf taught him his business, and the meaning of things in the jungle, till every rustle in the grass, every breath of the warm night air, every note of the owls above his head, every scratch of a bat's claws as it roosted for a while in a tree, and every splash of every little fish jumping in a pool, meant just as much to him as the work of his office means to a business man. When he was not learning, he sat out in the sun and slept, and ate, and went to sleep again; when he felt dirty or hot, he swam in the forest pools; and when he wanted honey (Baloo told him that honey and

nuts were just as pleasant to eat as raw meat), he climbed up for it, and that Bagheera showed him how to do.

Bagheera would lie out on a branch and call, "Come along, Little Brother," and at first Mowgli would cling like the sloth, but afterward he would fling himself through the branches almost as boldly as the gray ape. He took his place at the Council Rock, too, when the Pack met, and there he discovered that if he stared hard at any wolf, the wolf would be forced to drop his eyes and so he used to stare for fun.



Bagheera would lie out on a branch and call, "Come along little brother."

At other times he would pick the long thorns out of the pads of his friends, for wolves suffer terribly from thorns and burrs in their coats. He would go down the Hillside into the cultivated lands by night, and look very curiously at the villagers in their huts, but he had a mistrust of men because Bagheera showed him a square box with a drop-gate so cun-

niningly hidden in the jungle that he nearly walked into it, and told him it was a trap.

He loved better than anything else to go with Bagheera into the dark, warm heart of the forest, to sleep all through the drowsy day, and at night see how Bagheera did his killing. Bagheera killed right and left as he felt hungry, and so did Mowgli — with one exception. As soon as he was old enough to understand things, Bagheera told him that he must never touch cattle because he had been bought into the Pack at the price of a bull's life. "All the jungle is thine," said Bagheera, "and thou canst kill everything that thou art strong enough to kill; but for the sake of the bull that bought thee thou must never kill or eat any cattle young or old. That is the Law of the Jungle." Mowgli obeyed faithfully.

And he grew and grew strong, as a boy must grow who does not know that he is learning any lessons, and who has nothing in the world to think of except things to eat.



MOWGLI AMONG THE MONKEYS

LISTEN, man-cub," said the Bear, and his voice rumbled like thunder on a hot night. "I have taught thee all the Law of the Jungle for all the Peoples of the Jungle, except the Monkey Folk who live in the trees. They have no law. They are outcasts. They have no speech of their own, but use the stolen words which they overhear when they listen and peep and wait up above in the branches. Their way is not our way. They are without leaders. They have no remembrance. They boast and chatter and pretend that they are a great people about to do great affairs in the jungle, but the falling of a nut turns their minds to laughter, and all is forgotten. We of the jungle have no dealings with them. We do not drink where the monkeys drink; we do not go where the monkeys go; we do not hunt where they hunt; we do not die where they die. Hast thou ever heard me speak of the Bandar-log till to-day?"

"No," said Mowgli in a whisper, for the forest was very still now that Baloo had finished.

"The Jungle People put them out of their mouths

and out of their minds. They are very many, evil, dirty, shameless, and they desire, if they have any fixed desire, to be noticed by the Jungle People. But we do *not* notice them even when they throw nuts and filth on our heads."

He had hardly spoken when a shower of nuts and twigs spattered down through the branches; and they could hear coughings and howlings and angry jumpings high up in the air among the thin branches.

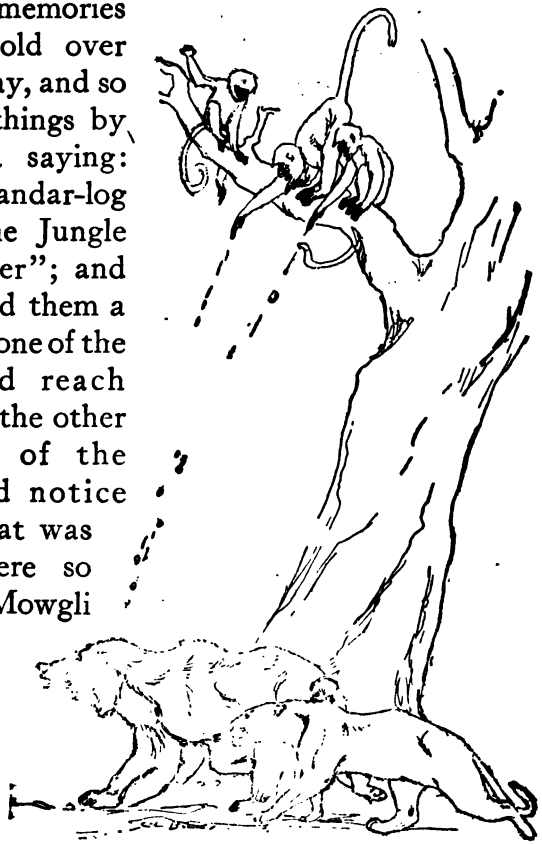
"The Monkey People are forbidden," said Baloo, "forbidden to the Jungle People. Remember."

"Forbidden," said Bagheera; "but I still think Baloo should have warned thee against them."

"I — I? How was I to guess he would play with such dirt. The Monkey People! Faugh!"

A fresh shower came down on their heads, and the two trotted away, taking Mowgli with them. What Baloo had said about the monkeys was perfectly true. They belonged to the tree-tops, and as beasts very seldom look up, there was no occasion for the monkeys and the Jungle People to cross one another's path. But whenever they found a sick wolf, or a wounded tiger or bear, the monkeys would torment him, and would throw sticks and nuts at any beast for fun and in the hope of being noticed. Then they would howl and shriek senseless songs, and invite the Jungle People to climb up their trees and fight them, or would start furious battles over nothing among themselves, and leave the dead monkeys where the Jungle People could see them.

They were always just going to have a leader and laws and customs of their own, but they never did, because their memories would not hold over from day to day, and so they settled things by making up a saying: "What the Bandar-log think now the Jungle will think later"; and that comforted them a great deal. None of the beasts could reach them, but, on the other hand, none of the beasts would notice them, and that was why they were so pleased when Mowgli came to play with them, and when they heard how angry Baloo was.



The two trotted away, taking Mowgli with them.

They never meant to do any more — the Bandar-log never meant anything at all — but one of them invented what seemed to him a brilliant idea, and he told all the others that

Mowgli would be a useful person to keep in the tribe, because he could weave sticks together for the protection from wind; so, if they caught him, they could make him teach them. Of course Mowgli, as a wood-cutter's child, inherited all sorts of instincts, and used to make little play-huts of fallen branches without thinking how he came to do it. The Monkey People, watching in the trees, considered these huts most wonderful. This time, they said, they were really going to have a leader and become the wisest people in the jungle — so wise that every one else would notice and envy them. Therefore they followed Baloo and Bagheera and Mowgli through the jungle very quietly till it was time for the midday nap, and Mowgli, who was very much ashamed of himself, slept between the panther and the bear, resolving to have no more to do with the Monkey People.

The next thing he remembered was feeling hands on his legs and arms — hard, strong little hands — and then a swash of branches in his face; and then he was staring down through the swaying boughs as Baloo woke the jungle with his deep cries and Bagheera bounded up the trunk with every tooth bared. The Bandar-log howled with triumph, and scuffled away to the upper branches, where Bagheera dared not follow, shouting: "He has noticed us! Bagheera has noticed us! All the Jungle People admire us for our skill and our cunning!" Then they began their flight; and the flight of the Monkey

People through tree-land is one of the things nobody can describe. They have their regular roads and cross-roads, up-hills and down-hills, all laid out from fifty to seventy or a hundred feet above ground, and by these they can travel even at night if necessary.

Two of the strongest monkeys caught Mowgli under the arms and swung off with him through the tree-tops, twenty feet at a bound. Had they been



Two of the strongest monkeys caught Mowgli under the arms and swung off with him through the tree-tops.

alone they could have gone twice as fast, but the boy's weight held them back. Sick and giddy as Mowgli was he could not help enjoying the wild rush, though the glimpses of earth far down below frightened him, and the terrible check and jerk at the end of the swing over nothing but empty air brought his heart between his teeth.

His escort would rush him up a tree till he felt the weak topmost branches crackle and bend under them, and then, with a cough and a whoop, would fling themselves into the air outward and downward, and bring up hanging by their hands or their feet to the lower limbs of the next tree. Sometimes he could see for miles and miles over the still green jungle, as a man on the top of a mast can see for miles across the sea, and then the branches and leaves would lash him across the face, and he and his two guards would be almost down to earth again.

So bounding and crashing and whooping and yelling, the whole tribe of Bandar-log swept along the tree-roads with Mowgli their prisoner.

For a time he was afraid of being dropped; then he grew angry, but he knew better than to struggle; and then he began to think. The first thing was to send back word to Baloo and Bagheera, for, at the pace the monkeys were going, he knew his friends would be left far behind. It was useless to look down, for he could see only the top sides of the branches, so he stared upward, and saw, far away in the blue, Rann, the Kite, balancing and wheeling as he kept watch over the jungle, waiting for things to die. Rann noticed that the monkeys were carrying something, and dropped a few hundred yards to find out whether their load was good to eat. He whistled with surprise when he saw Mowgli being dragged up to a tree-top, and heard him give the Kite call for "We be of one blood, thou and I." The waves of

the branches closed over the boy, but Rann balanced away to the next tree in time to see the little brown face come up again. "Mark my trail!" Mowgli shouted. "Tell Baloo of the Seeonee Pack, and Bagheera of the Council Rock."

"In whose name, Brother?" Rann had never seen Mowgli before, though of course he had heard of him.

"Mowgli, the Frog. Man-cub they call me! Mark my tra — il!"

The last words were shrieked as he was being swung through the air, but Rann nodded, and rose up till he looked no bigger than a speck of dust, and there he hung, watching with his telescope eyes the swaying of the tree-tops as Mowgli's escort whirled along.

"They never go far," he said, with a chuckle. "They never do what they set out to do. Always pecking at new things are the Bandar-log. This time, if I have any eyesight, they have pecked down trouble for themselves, for Baloo is no fledgling, and Bagheera can, as I know, kill more than goats."

Then he rocked on his wings, his feet gathered up under him, and waited.

Meanwhile, Baloo and Bagheera were furious with rage and grief. Bagheera climbed as he had never climbed before, but the branches broke beneath his weight, and he slipped down, his claws full of bark.

"Why didst thou not warn the man-cub?" he

roared to poor Baloo, who had set off at a clumsy trot in the hope of overtaking the monkeys.

"What was the use of half slaying him with blows if thou didst not warn him?"

"Haste! O haste! We — we may catch them yet!" Baloo panted.

"At that speed? It would not tire a wounded cow. Teacher of the Law, cub-beater — a mile of that rolling to and fro would burst thee open. Sit still and think! Make a plan. This is no time for chasing. They may drop him if we follow too close."

"*Arrula! Whoo!* They may have dropped him already, being tired of carrying him. Who can trust the Bandar-log? Put dead bats on my head! Give me black bones to eat! Roll me into the hives of the wild bees that I may be stung to death, and bury me with the hyena; for I am the most miserable of bears! *Arulala! Wahooa!* O Mowgli, Mowgli! Why did I not warn thee against the Monkey Folk instead of breaking thy head? Now perhaps I may have knocked the day's lesson out of his mind, and he will be alone in the jungle without the Master Words!"

Baloo clasped his paws over his ears and rolled to and fro, moaning.

"At least he gave me all the Words correctly a little time ago," said Bagheera impatiently. "Baloo thou hast neither memory nor respect. What would the jungle think if I, the Black Panther, curled myself up like Ikki, the Porcupine, and howled?"

"What do I care what the jungle thinks? He may be dead by now."

"Unless and until they drop him from the branches in sport, or kill him out of idleness, I have no fear for the man-cub. He is wise and well-taught, and, above all, he has the eyes that make the Jungle People afraid. But (and it is a great evil) he is in the power of the Bandar-log, and they, because they live in trees, have no fear of any of our people." Bagheera licked one forepaw thoughtfully.

"Fool that I am! Oh, fat, brown, root-digging fool that I am!" said Baloo, uncoiling himself with a jerk. "It is true what Hathi, the Wild Elephant, says: '*To each his own fear*'; and they, the Bandar-log, fear Kaa, the Rock Snake. He can climb as well as they can. He steals the young monkeys in the night. The mere whisper of his name makes their wicked tails cold. Let us go to Kaa."





HOW TO BRING UP A LION

OW this is a really, truly tale. It all truthfully happened; and I saw it and heard it.

Once upon a time there was a bad, unkind Mummy-lion, called Alice, and she lived in a cage with her husband, Induna, halfway up a mountain in Africa, behind the house I was living in. And she had two little Baby Lions, and she bit one of them so hard that it died. But the Keeper-man in charge of the cages pulled out the other little lion just in time, and carried him down the hill and put him in an egg-box along with a brindled bulldog puppy called Budge to keep him warm.

Then I went to look at the little thing and the Keeper-man said: "This Baby-lion is going to die. Would you like to bring up this Baby-lion?" and I said "Yes," and the Keeper-man said, "Then I will send him to your house at once, because he is certainly going to die and you can bring him up by hand."



Then I went home very quick, and I found Both Babies (Daniel and Una they were called) playing on the stoop, and I said, "O Babies! we are going to bring up a Baby-lion by hand!" and Both Babies said, "Hurrah! He can sleep in our nursery, and not go away for ever and ever." Then Both Babies' Mummy said to me, "What do you know about bringing up lions?" And I said, "Nothing whatever." And she said, "I thought so," and she went into the house to give orders.

Soon the Keeper-man came, carrying the egg-box with the Baby-lion and Budge, the brindled bulldog pup, asleep inside, and behind him walked a man with iron bars and a roll of wire-netting and some picks and shovels; and they built a Den for the Baby-lion in the backyard, and they put the egg-box inside the Den, and said, "Now you can bring the lion up by hand. He is quite, quite certain to die!"

Then Both Babies' Mummy came out of the house with a bottle in her hand — the kind that you feed very small babies from — and she filled it with milk and warm water, and she screwed down the rubber-top and she said, "I am going to bring up this Baby-lion, and he is *not* going to die," and she pulled out

the Baby-lion (his eyes were all blue and watery and he couldn't see) and she turned him on his little back and tilted the bottle into his little mouth, and he moved all his four little paws like windmills, but he never let go of the bottle — not once — till it was quite empty and he was quite full. Then Both Babies' Mummy said, "Weigh him on the meat-scales," and we weighed him on the meat-scales,



I am going to bring up this Baby-lion, and he is not going to die.

and he weighed four pounds three ounces; and she said, "He will be weighed once every week, and he will be fed every three hours on warm milk and water — two parts milk and one part water — and the bottle will be cleaned directly after each meal with boiling water."

And I said, "What do you know about bringing up lions by hand?" And she said, "Nothing what-

ever, except that this lion is not going to die. *You* must find out how to bring up lions."

So I said, "The first thing to do is to stop Daniel and Una from hugging him and dancing round him in the Den, as they do now, because if they hug him too hard or step on him he will surely die."

This was explained to Daniel and Una, and they both said it would be a dreadful thing to kill a lion by accident, and they promised that they wouldn't do it if they could have Budge to play with.

Budge was a nice, frisky, little puppy, and he would always come out of the Den to frolic; but for ten days the Baby-lion only ate and slept. He didn't say anything; he hardly opened his eyes. We made him a bed of wood shavings (they are better than straw), and we built him a real little house with a thick roof to keep the sun off, and whenever he looked at all hungry, it was time for him to be fed out of the bottle. Budge tried to make him play, but he wouldn't, and when Budge chewed his ears too hard he would stretch himself all over Budge, and Budge would crawl from under him, half choked.

Then we said, "It is an easy thing to bring up a lion"; and then visitors began to call and give advice.

One man said, "Young lions all die of paralysis of the hindquarters"; and another man said, "They perish of rickets which come on just as they are cutting their first teeth." Then we looked at the Baby-lion, and his hind legs were very weak indeed. He used to roll over when he tried to walk, and his

front paws doubled up under him, and his eyes were dull and blind. So I went off in a train to find a Trusty Taxidermist (this means a man who knows about animals' insides) and I found him in a Museum (curiously enough he was stuffing a lion that very day), and I said, "We have a Baby-lion who weighs five pounds seven ounces on our meat-scales, but he doesn't thrive. His hind legs are weak, and he rolls over when he tries to walk. What shall we do?"

"You must give him broth," said the Trusty Taxidermist. "Milk isn't enough for him. Give him mutton-broth at eight in the morning and four in the afternoon. You must also buy a dandy-brush— same as they brush horses with — and brush him every day to make up for his own Mummy not being able to lick him with her tongue."

So we bought a dandy-brush (a good hard one) and mutton for broth, and we gave him the broth from the bottle, and in two days he was a different lion. His hind legs grew stronger, and his eyes grew lighter, and his furry, woolly skin grew cleaner, and we all said, "Now we must give him a real name of his own." We inquired into his family history and found that his parents were both Matabele lions from the far north, and that the Matabele word for lion was "umslibaan," but we called him Sullivan for short; and that very day he knocked a bit of skin off his nose trying to climb the wire fence of the Den. Then he began to play with Daniel and Una — specially Una, who walked all round the gar-

den hugging him till he squeaked — and Daniel used to brush him with the dandy-brush.

One day Una went into the Den as usual, and put her hand into Sullivan's house to drag him out, just as usual, and Sullivan flattened his little black-tipped ears back to his thick woolly head and opened his mouth and said, "*Ough! Ough! Ough!*" like a monkey. Una came out very quick and said, "I think Sullivan has teeth. Come and look." We saw that he had six or eight very pretty little teeth about a quarter of an inch long, and we said, "Why should we give up our time to feeding this Monarch of the Jungle every few hours through a feeding-bottle? Let him feed himself."

In those days he weighed eight pounds eight ounces, and he could run and jump and growl and scratch, but he did not like to feed himself. For two days and two nights he wouldn't feed himself at all. He sang for his supper, like little Tommy Tucker, and he sang for his breakfast and his dinner, making noises deep in his chest — high noises and low noises and coughing noises. Una was very distressed. She ran about saying, "Ah, do please let my lion have his bottle! He aren't *fit* to be weaned!"

Daniel, who didn't speak plain, would go off to the Lion's Den, where poor Sullivan sat looking at a plate of cold broth, and he would say, "Tullibun, Tullibun, eat up all yo' dinner or you'll be hungry."

But at last Sullivan made up his mind that bottles would never come again, and he put down his little

nose and ate for dear life. I was told that Both Babies' Mummy had been out in the early morning and dipped her finger in mutton-broth, and coaxed Sullivan to lick it off, and she discovered that his tongue was as raspy as a file. Then we were sure he ought to feed himself.

So we weaned Sullivan, and he weighed ten pounds two ounces, and the truly happy times of his life began. Every morning Una and Daniel would let him out of the Den. He was perfectly polite so long as no one put his hand into his house; he would come out at a steady, rocking-horse canter that looked slow, but was quicker even than Una's run. Then he would be brushed with the dandy-brush, first on his yellow tummy and then on his yellow back, and then under his yellow chin, where he dribbled mutton-broth, and then on his dark yellow mane. The mane-hair of a baby-lion is a little thicker than the rest of his hair, and Sullivan's was tinged with black. A man who had shot a good many lions told us that Sullivan was a "genuine black Matabele lion" and would grow into a regular beauty.

After his brushing he would come out into the garden to watch Daniel and Una swing; or he would hoist himself up on the stoop to watch Both Babies' Mummy sew, or he would go into my room and lie under a couch. If I wished to get rid of him I had to call Una, for at her voice he would solemnly trundle out with his head lifted and help her chase

butterflies among the hydrangeas. He never took any notice of me.

One of the many queer things about him was the way he matched his backgrounds. He would lie down on the bare tiled stoop in the full glare of the sun, and you could step on him before you saw him. He would sit in the shadow of a wall or slide into a garden-border, and till he moved you could not tell that he was there. That made him difficult to photograph.

Sudden noises, like banging doors, always annoyed him. He would go straight backward and almost as fast as he ran forward, till he got his back up against a wall or a shrub, and there he would lift one little broad paw and look wicked till he heard Una or Daniel call him. If he smelt anything on the wind, he would stop quite still and lift his head high into the air, very slowly, till he had quite made up his mind. Then he would most slowly steal upwind with his tail switching a trifle at the very end.

The first time he played with a ball he struck it, just as his grandfather must have struck at the big Matabele oxen in the far north — one paw above and one paw below — with a wrench and a twist — and the ball bounced over his shoulder. He could use his paws as easily as a man can use his arms, and much more quickly. He always turned his back on you when he was examining anything; and that was a signal that you were not to interfere with him.

We used to believe that little lions were only big cats, as the books say; but Sullivan taught us that lions are *always* lions. He would play in his own way at his own games; but he never chased his tail or patted a cork or a string or did any foolish, kitten tricks. He never forgot that he was a lion — not a dog, nor a cat, but a lion, and the son of a lion. When he lay down he would cross his paws and look like the big carved lions in Trafalgar Square; when he rose up and sniffed he looked like the lions that a man called Barye used to make in bronze; and when he lifted one paw and opened his mouth and wrinkled up his nose to be angry (as he did when we washed him all over with carbolic and water, because of fleas), he looked like the lion that the old Assyrians drew on stone.

He never did anything funny; he was never silly or amusing (not even when he had been dipped in carbolic and water), and he never behaved as though he were trying to show off. Kittens do.

He kept himself to himself more and more as he grew older and one day — I shall never forget it — he began to see out of his eyes. Up till then they had been dull and stupid — just like a young baby's eyes. But that day — I saw them first under the couch — they were grown-up lion's eyes, soft and blazing at the same time, without a wink in them, eyes that seemed to look right through you and out over all Africa. Though he had been born in captivity, like Alice, his Mummy, and Induna, his

father, and though the only home he had ever known was on the slopes of the big Table Mountain where Africa ended, we never saw him once look up the hill when he lay down to do his solemn, serious thinking. He always faced squarely to the north, to the great open plains and the ragged, jagged mountains beyond them — looking up and into the big, sunny, dry Africa that had once belonged to his people.

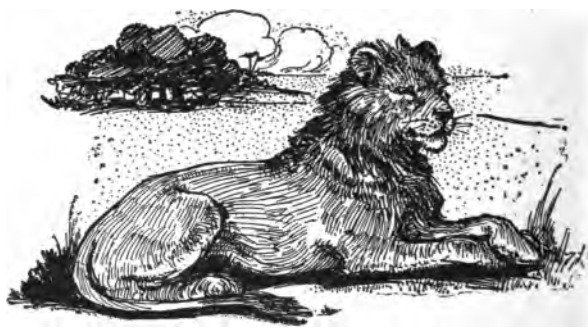
That was very curious. He would think and he would sigh — exactly like a man. He was full of curious, half-human noises — grunts and groans and mutters and mumbles.

He grew to weigh more than fifteen pounds when we had to leave him. We were very proud of this, and triumphed over the Keeper-man and the other people who had said we could never bring him up by hand, and they said: "You've certainly won the game. You can have this Lion if you like and take him home and give him to the Zoölogical Gardens in London." But we said: "No, Sullivan is one of the family, and if he were taken to a cold, wet, foggy zoo, he'd die. Let him stay here where we can find him and talk to him when we come back. Let him have the cage near his Mummy, where the Australian Dingo-dog lives, and next year we'll see if he remembers Daniel and Una and the feeding-bottle."

So they said they would do all these things, and we came away, leaving Sullivan close upon sixteen pounds weight, in perfect health, with the beginnings of a beautiful mane.

I like to think of him up the hill in the sunshine, with his paws crossed, looking out north — always north, straight up over all Africa.

Oh, Budge, the brindled bull-pup? Before Sullivan was weaned, a man took Budge away to make a real bulldog of him. Besides, Sullivan needed all the house to sleep in.



THORKILD'S SONG

NOTE. — This is a song sung by the helmsman of a Danish pirate boat nearly a thousand years ago. Oars were made of ash wood, so to "wake the white ash breeze" is to use the oars. Stavanger is in Norway, and the boat was coming up from the South.

There is no wind along these seas
Out oars for Stavanger!
Forward all for Stavanger!
So we must wake the white ash breeze,
Let fall for Stavanger!
A long pull for Stavanger!



So we must wake the white ash breeze.

Oh, hear the benches creak and strain!
(A long pull for Stavanger!)
She thinks she smells the Northland rain!
(A long pull for Stavanger!)

She thinks she smells the Northland snow
And she's as glad as we to go!

She thinks she smells the Northland rime
And the dear dark nights of winter-time.

Her very bolts are sick for shore,
And we — we want it ten times more!

Hoe — all you Gods that love brave men,
Send us a three-reef gale again!

Send us a gale, and watch us come,
With close-cropped canvas slashing home!

But — there's no wind in all these seas
A long pull for Stavanger!
So we must wake the white ash breeze,
A long pull for Stavanger!

SONG OF THE RED WAR BOAT

This is a song supposed to be sung by the crew of a Saxon war boat about the time that St. Wilfred converted the South Saxons to Christianity. Their master had become a Christian but the men were still heathen and sang this song when they went out one night to look for their master who had been wrecked on a fishing-trip near Southampton.

Shove off from the Wharf-edge! Steady!
 Watch for a smooth! Give way!
If she feels the lop already
 She'll stand on her head in the bay.
It's ebb — it's dusk — it's blowing,
 The shoals are a mile of white,
But (snatch her along)! we're going
 To find our master to-night.

For we hold that in all disaster
 Of shipwreck, storm, or sword,
A man must stand by his master
 When once he has pledged his word!

Raging seas have we rowed in
 But we seldom saw them thus,
Our master is angry with Odin —
 Odin is angry with us!

Heavy odds have we taken,
 But never before such odds.
The Gods know they are forsaken,
 We must risk the wrath of the Gods!



Over the crest she flies from,
 Into its hollow she drops,
Crouches and clears her eyes from
 The wind-torn breaker-tops,

Ere out on the shrieking shoulder
 Of a hill-high surge she drives.
Meet her! Meet her and hold her!
 Pull for your scoundrel lives!

The thunders bellow and clamor
 The harm that they mean to do;
There goes Thor's own Hammer
 Cracking the dark in two!

Close! But the blow has missed her,
 Here comes the wind of the blow!
Row or the squall 'll twist her
 Broadside on to it! — *Row!*

Hearken, Thor of the Thunder,
 We are not here for a jest —
For wager, warfare, or plunder,
 Or to put your power to test.
This work is none of our wishing —
 We would house at home if we might —
But our master is wrecked out fishing,
 We go to find him to-night.

For we hold that in all disaster —
 As the Gods Themselves have said —
 A man must stand by his master
 Till one of the two is dead.

That is our way of thinking,
 Now you can do as you will,
While we try to save her from sinking,
 And hold her head to it still.
Bale her and keep her moving,
 Or she'll break her back in the trough —
Who said the weather's improving,
 Or the swells are taking off?

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Sodden, and chafed and aching,
 Gone in the loins and knees —
No matter — the day is breaking,
 And there's far less weight to the seas!
Up mast, and finish baling; —
 In oars, and out with the mead —
The rest will be two-reed sailing . . .
 That was a night indeed!

But we hold that in all disaster
 (And faith, we have found it true!)
If only you stand by your master,
 The Gods will stand by you!

EDDI'S SERVICE

Eddi, priest of St. Wilfrid
 In the chapel at Manhood End,
Ordered a midnight service
 For such as cared to attend.

But the Saxons were keeping Christmas,
 And the night was stormy as well.
Nobody came to service
 Though Eddi rang the bell.

"Wicked weather for walking,"
 Said Eddi of Manhood End.
"But I must go on with the service
 For such as care to attend."

The altar candles were lighted —
 An old marsh donkey came,
Bold as a guest invited,
 And stared at the guttering flame.

The storm beat on at the windows,
 The water splashed on the floor,
And a wet yoke-weary bullock
 Pushed in through the open door.

"How do I know what is greatest,
How do I know what is least?
That is My Father's business,"
Said Eddi, Wilfrid's priest.

"But, three are gathered together—
Listen to me and attend.
I bring good news, my brethren!"
Said Eddi of Manhood End.

And he told the Ox of a manger
And a stall in Bethlehem,
And he spoke to the Ass of a Rider
That rode to Jerusalem.

They steamed and dripped in the chancel,
They listened and never stirred,
While, just as though they were Bishops,
Eddi preached them The Word.

Till the gale blew off on the marshes
And the windows showed the day,
And the Ox and the Ass together
Wheeled and clattered away.

And when the Saxons mocked him,
Said Eddi of Manhood End,
"I dare not shut His chapel
On such as care to attend!"

COLD IRON

Once upon a time, Dan and Una, brother and sister, living in the English country, had the good fortune to meet with Puck, otherwise Robin Goodfellow, otherwise Nick o'Lincoln, otherwise Lob-lie-by-the-Fire, the last survivor in England of those whom mortals call Fairies. Their proper name, of course, is "The People of the Hills." This Puck, by means of the magic Oak, Ash, and Thorn, gave the children power

> To see what they should see and hear what they should hear,
> Though it should have happened three thousand year.

The result was that from time to time, and in different places on farm and in the fields and the country about, they saw and talked to some rather interesting people. Now you shall hear.



WHEN Dan and Una had arranged to go out before breakfast, they did not remember it was Midsummer Morning. They only wanted to see the otter which, old Hobden, the poacher, said, had been fishing their brook for weeks; and early morning was the time to surprise him. As they tiptoed out of the house into the wonderful stillness, the church clock struck five. Dan took a few steps across

the dew-blobbed lawn, and looked at his black footprints.

"I think we ought to be kind to our poor boots," he said. "They'll get horrid wet."

It was their first Summer in boots, and they hated them, so they took them off and slung them round their necks, and paddled joyfully over the dripping turf where the shadows lay the wrong way, like evening in the East.

The sun was well up and warm, but, by the brook, the last of the night mist still fumed off the water. They picked up the chain of otter's footprints on the mud, and followed it from the bank, between the weeds and the drenched mowing, while the birds shouted with surprise. Then the track left the brook and became a smear, as though a log had been dragged along.

They traced it into Three Cows meadow, over the mill-sluice to the Forge, round Hobden's garden, and then up the slope till it ran out on the short turf and fern of Pook's Hill, and they heard the cock-pheasants crowing in the woods behind them.

"No use!" said Dan, questing like a puzzled hound. "The dew's drying off, and old Hobden says otters 'll travel for miles."

"I'm sure we've travelled miles." Una fanned herself with her hat. "How still it is! It's going to be a regular roaster!" She looked down the valley, where no chimney yet smoked.

The young fern on a knoll rustled, and Puck walked out, chewing a green-topped rush.*

"Good Midsummer Morning to you! Here's a happy meeting," said he. They shook hands all round, and asked questions.

"You've wintered well," he said after a while, and looked them up and down. "Nothing much wrong with you, seemingly."

"They've put us into boots," said Una. "Look at my feet, they're all pale white, and my toes are squdged together awfully."

"Yes — boots make a difference." Puck wriggled his brown, square, hairy foot, and cropped a dandelion flower between the big toe and the next.

"I could do that — last year," Dan said dismally, as he tried and failed. "And boots simply ruin one's climbing."

"There must be some advantage to them, I suppose," said Puck, "or folk wouldn't wear them. Shall we come this way?"

They sauntered along side by side till they reached the gate at the far end of the hillside. Here they halted just like cattle, and let the sun warm their backs while they listened to the flies in the wood.

"Little Lindens is awake," said Una, as she hung

* "With a four-leaved clover and a green-topped sieve (rush)
You may marry the king's daughter and ask no man's leave."
This an old saying. Four-leaved clovers are not hard to find, but it is almost impossible to come across a rush which is green to the very top. There is always a tiny little withered bit at the end.

with her chin on the top rail. "See the chimney smoke?"

"To-day's Thursday, isn't it?" Puck turned to look at the old pink farmhouse across the little valley. "Mrs. Vincey's baking-day. Bread should rise well this weather." He yawned, and that set them both yawning.

The bracken about rustled and ticked and shook in every direction. They felt that little crowds were stealing past.

"Doesn't that sound like — er — the People of the Hills?" said Una.

"It's the birds and wild things drawing up to the woods before people get about," said Puck, as though he were Ridley the keeper.

"Oh, we know that. I only said it sounded like."

"As I remember 'em, the People of the Hills used to make more noise. They'd settle down for the day rather like small birds settling down for the night. But that was in the days when they carried the high hand. Oh, me! The deeds that I've had act and part in, you'd scarcely believe!"

"I like that!" said Dan. "After all you told us last year, too!"

"Only, the minute you went away, you made us forget everything," said Una.

Puck laughed and shook his head. "I shall this year, too. I've given you free gift of Old England, and I've taken away your Doubt and Fear, but your memory and remembrance, between whiles, I'll keep

where old Billy Trott kept his night-lines — and that's where he could draw 'em up and hide 'em at need. Does that suit?" He twinkled mischievously.

"It's got to suit," said Una, and laughed. "We can't magic back at you." She folded her arms and leaned against the gate. "Suppose, now, you wanted to magic me into something — an otter? Could you?"

"Not with those boots round your neck."

"I'll take them off." She threw them on the turf. Dan's followed immediately. "Now!" she said.

"Less than ever now you've trusted me. Where there's true faith, there's no call for magic." Puck's slow smile broadened all over his face.

"But what have boots to do with it?" said Una, perching on the gate.

"There's Cold Iron in them," said Puck, and settled beside her. "Nails in the soles, I mean. It makes a difference."

"How?"

"Can't you feel it does? You wouldn't like to go back to bare feet again, same as last year, would you? Not really?"

"No — o. I suppose I shouldn't — not for always. I'm growing up, you know," said Una.

"But you told us last year, in the Long Slip — when we met you — that you didn't mind Cold Iron," said Dan.

"*I* don't; but folk in housen, as the People of the Hills call them, must be ruled by Cold Iron. Folk in housen are born on the near side of Cold Iron — there's iron in every man's house, isn't there? They handle Cold Iron every day of their lives, and their fortune's made or spoilt by Cold Iron in some shape or other. That's how it goes with Flesh and Blood, and one can't prevent it."

"I don't quite see. How do you mean?" said Dan.

"It would take me some time to tell you."

"Oh, it's ever so long to breakfast," said Dan. "We looked in the larder before we came out." He unpocketed one big hunk of bread and Una another, which they shared with Puck.

"That's Little Lindens' baking," he said, as his white teeth sank in it. "I know Mrs. Vincey's hand." He ate with a slow sideways thrust and grind, just like old Hobden, and, like Hobden, hardly dropped a crumb. The sun flashed on Little Lindens' windows, and the cloudless sky grew stiller and hotter in the valley.

"Ah — Cold Iron," he said at last to the impatient children. "Folk in housen, as the People of the Hills say, grow so careless about Cold Iron. They'll nail the Horseshoe over the front door, and forget to put it over the back. Then, some time or other, the People of the Hills slip in, find the cradle-babe in the corner, and —— "

"Oh, I know. Steal it and leave a changeling," Una cried

"No," said Puck, firmly. "All that talk of changelings is people's excuse for their own neglect. Never believe 'em. I'd whip 'em at the cart-tail through three parishes if I had my way."

"But they don't do it now," said Una.

"Whip, or neglect children? Umm! Some folks and some fields never alter. But the People of the Hills didn't work any changeling tricks. They'd tiptoe in and whisper, and weave round the cradle-babe in the chimney-corner — a fag-end of a charm here, or half a spell there — like kettles singing; but when the babe's mind came to bud out afterward, it would act differently from other people in its station. That's no advantage to man or maid. So I wouldn't allow it with my folks' babies here. I told Sir Huon so once."

"Who was Sir Huon?" Dan asked, and Puck turned on him in quiet astonishment.

"Sir Huon of Bordeaux — he succeeded King Oberon. He had been a bold knight once, but he was lost on the road to Babylon, a long while back. Have you ever heard, 'How many miles to Babylon?*'"

"Of course," said Dan.

"Well, Sir Huon was young when that song was new. But about tricks on mortal babies. I said to Sir Huon in the fern here, on just such a morning

* "How many miles to Babylon? Three score and ten.
Can I get there by candlelight? Yes, and back again."
This is an old nursery rhyme which, some people say, dates from the Crusades.

as this: 'If you crave to act and influence on folk in housen, which I know is your desire, why don't you take some human cradle-babe by fair dealing, and bring him up among yourselves on the far side of Cold Iron — as Oberon did in time past? Then you could make him a splendid fortune, and send him out into the world?'

"'Time past is past time,' says Sir Huon. 'I doubt if we could do it. For one thing, the babe would have to be taken without wronging man, woman, or child. For another, he'd have to be born on the far side of Cold Iron — in some house where no Cold Iron ever stood — and for yet the third, he'd have to be kept from Cold Iron all his days till we let him find his fortune. No, it's not easy,' he said, and he rode off, thinking. You see, Sir Huon had been a man once.

"I happened to attend Lewes Market next Woden's Day even, and watched the slaves being sold there — same as pigs are sold at Robertsbridge Market nowadays. Only the pigs have rings on their noses, and the slaves had rings round their necks."

"What sort of rings?" said Dan.

"A ring of Cold Iron, four fingers wide, and a thumb thick, just like a quoit, but with a snap to it for to snap around the slave's neck. They used to do a big trade in slave-rings at the Forge here, and ship them to all parts of Old England, packed in oak sawdust. But, as I was saying, there was a farmer out of the Weald who had bought a woman

with a babe in her arms, and he didn't want any hindrances to her driving his beasts home for him."

"Beast himself!" said Una, and kicked her bare heel on the gate.

"So he blamed the auctioneer. 'It's none o' my baby,' the woman puts in. 'I took it off a woman in our gang who died on Terrible Down yesterday.' 'I'll take it off to the Church then,' says the farmer. 'Mother Church 'll make a monk of it, and we'll step a long home.'



Then I whipped up the babe, and came flying home.

"It was dusk then. He slipped down to St. Pancras' Church, and laid the babe at the cold chapel door. I breathed on the back of his stooping neck — and — I've *heard* he never could be warm at any fire afterward. I should have been surprised if he could! Then I whipped up the babe, and came flying home here like a bat to his belfry.

"On the dewy break of morning of Thor's own day — just such a day as this — I laid the babe outside the Hill here, and the People flocked up and wondered at the sight.

"'You've brought him, then?' Sir Huon said, staring like any mortal man.

"'Yes, and he's brought his mouth with him too,' I said. The babe was crying loud for his breakfast.

"'What is he?' says Sir Huon, when the women-folk had drawn him under to feed him.

"'Full Moon and Morning Star may know,' I says. '*I* don't. By what I could make out of him in the moonlight, he's without brand or blemish. I'll answer for it that he's born on the far side of Cold Iron, for he was born under a shaw on Terrible Down; and I've wronged neither man, woman, nor child in taking him, for he is the son of a dead slave woman.'

"'All to the good, Robin,' Sir Huon said. 'He'll be the less anxious to leave us. Oh, we'll give him a splendid fortune, and he shall act and influence on folk in housen as we have always craved.' His Lady came up then, and drew him under to watch the babe's wonderful doings."

"Who was his Lady?" said Dan.

"The Lady Esclairmonde. She had been a woman once, till she followed Sir Huon across the fern, as we say. Babies are no special treat to me — I've watched too many of them — so I stayed on the Hill. Presently I heard hammering down at the Forge there." Puck pointed toward Hobden's cottage. "It was too early for any workmen, but it passed through my mind that the breaking day was Thor's own day. A slow northeast wind blew

up and set the oaks sawing and fretting in a way I remembered: so I slipped over to see what I could see."

"And what did you see?"

"A smith forging something or other out of Cold Iron. When it was finished, he weighed it in his hand (his back was toward me), and tossed it from him a longish quoit-throw down the valley. I saw Cold Iron flash in the sun, but I couldn't quite make out where it fell. *That* didn't trouble me. I knew it would be found sooner or later by some one."

"How did you know?" Dan went on.

"Because I knew the Smith that made it," said Puck quietly.

"Wayland Smith?" Una suggested.

"No. I should have passed the time o' day with Wayland Smith, of course. This other was different. So" — Puck made a queer crescent in the air with his finger* — "I counted the blades of grass under my nose till the wind dropped and he had gone — he and his Hammer."

"Was it Thor then?" Una murmured under her breath.

"Who else? It was Thor's own day." Puck repeated the sign. "I didn't tell Sir Huon or his Lady what I'd seen. Borrow trouble for yourself if that's your nature, but don't lend it to your neigh-

*See Longfellow's poem: "But the Berserks ever more
Have the sign of the Hammer of Thor
Over theirs."

bors. Moreover, I might have been mistaken about the Smith's work. He might have been making things for mere amusement, though it wasn't like him, or he might have thrown away an old piece of made iron. One can never be sure. So I held my tongue and enjoyed the babe. He was a wonderful child — and the People of the Hills were so set on him, they wouldn't have believed me. He took to me wonderfully. As soon as he could walk he'd putter forth with me all about my Hill here. Fern makes soft falling! He knew when day broke on earth above, for he'd thump, thump, thump, like an old buck-rabbit in a burrow, and I'd hear him say 'Opy!' till some one who knew the Charm let him out, and then it would be 'Robin! Robin!' all round Robin Hood's barn, as we say, till he'd found me."

"The dear!" said Una. "I'd like to have seen him!"

"Yes, he was a boy. And when it came to learning his words — spells and such like — he'd sit on the Hill in the long shadows, worrying out bits of charms to try on passers-by. And when the bird flew to him, or the tree bowed to him for pure love's sake (like everything else on my Hill), he'd shout, 'Robin! Look — see! Look, see, Robin!' and sputter out some spell or other that they had taught him, *all* wrong end first, till I hadn't the heart to tell him it was his own dear self and not the words that worked the wonder. When he got more abreast of

his Words, and could cast spells for sure, as we say, he took more and more notice of things and people in the world. People of course, always drew him, for he was mortal all through.

"Seeing that he was free to move among folk in housen, under or over Cold Iron, I used to take him along with me night-walking, where he could watch folk, and I could keep him from touching Cold Iron. That wasn't so difficult as it sounds, because there are plenty of things besides Cold Iron in housen to catch a boy's fancy. He *was* a handful, though! I shan't forget when I took him to Little Lindens — his first night under a roof. The smell of the rushlights and the bacon on the beans — they were stuffing a feather-bed too, and it was a drizzling warm night — got into his head. Before I could stop him — we were hiding in the bakehouse — he'd whipped up a storm of wildfire, with flashlights and voices, which sent the folk shrieking into the garden, and a girl upset a hive there, and — of course *he* didn't know till then such things could touch him — he got badly stung, and came home with his face looking like kidney-potatoes!

"You can imagine how angry Sir Huon and Lady Esclairmonde were with poor Robin! They said the Boy was never to be trusted with me night-walking any more — and he took about as much notice of their order as he did of the bee-stings. Night after night, as soon as it was dark, I'd pick up his whistle in the wet fern, and off we'd flit to-

gether among folk in housen till break of day,— he asking questions, and I answering according to my knowledge. Then we fell into mischief again!" Puck laughed till the gate rattled.

"We came across a man up at Brightling who was beating his wife with a stick in the garden. I was just going to toss the man over his own woodlump when the Boy jumped the hedge and ran at him. Of course the woman took her husband's part, and while the man beat him, the woman scratted his face. It wasn't till I danced among the cabbages, like Brightling Beacon all ablaze, that they gave up and ran indoors. The Boy's fine green-and-gold clothes were torn all to pieces, and he had been welted in twenty places with the man's stick, and scratted by the woman's nails *to* pieces. He looked like a Robertsbridge hopper on a Monday morning.

"'Robin,' said he, while I was trying to clean him down with a bunch of hay, 'I don't quite understand folk in housen. I went to help that old woman, and she hit me, Robin!'

"'What else did you expect?' I said. 'That was the one time when you might have worked some of your charms instead of running into three times your weight.'

"'I didn't think,' he says. 'But I caught the man one on the head, that was as good as any charm. Did you see it work, Robin?'

"'Mind your nose!' I said. 'Bleed it on a dock-

leaf — not your sleeve, for pity's sake.' I knew what the Lady Esclairmonde would say.

"*He* didn't care. He was as happy as a gypsy with a stolen pony, and the front part of his gold coat, all blood and grass stains, looked like ancient sacrifices.

"Of course the People of the Hills laid the blame on me. The boy could do nothing wrong, in their eyes.

"'You are bringing him up to act and influence on folk in housen, when you're ready to let him go,' I said. 'Now he's begun to do it, why do you cry shame on me? That's no shame. It's his nature drawing him to his kind.'

"'But we don't want him to begin *that* way,' the Lady Esclairmonde said. 'We intend a splendid fortune for him — not your flitter-by-night, hedge-jumping, gypsy-work.'

"'I don't blame you, Robin,' says Sir Huon, 'but I *do* think you might look after the Boy more closely.'

"'I've kept him away from Cold Iron these sixteen years,' I said. 'You know as well as I do, the first time he touches Cold Iron he'll find his own fortune, in spite of everything you intend for him. You owe me something for that.'

"Sir Huon, having been a man, was going to allow me the right of it, but the Lady Esclairmonde, being the Mother of all Mothers, overpersuaded him.

"'We're very grateful,' Sir Huon said, 'but we think that, just for the present, you are about too much with him on the Hill.'

"'Though you have said it,' I said, 'I will give you a second chance.' I did not like being called to account for my doings on my own Hill. I wouldn't have stood it even that far except I loved the Boy.

"'No! No!' says the Lady Esclairmonde. 'He's never any trouble when he's left to me and to himself. It's your fault.'

"'You have said it,' I answered. 'Hear me! From now on till the Boy has found his fortune, whatever that may be, I vow to you all on my Hill, by Oak, and Ash, and Thorn, *and* by the Hammer of Asa Thor'" — again Puck made that curious double-cut in the air — "'that you may leave me out of all your counts and reckonings.' Then I went out" — he snapped his fingers — "like the puff of a candle, and though they called and cried, they made nothing by it. I didn't promise not to keep an eye on the Boy, though. I watched him close — close — close!

"When he found what his people had forced me to do, he gave them a piece of his mind, but they all kissed and cried round him, and being only a boy, he came over to their way of thinking (I don't blame him), and called himself unkind, and ungrateful; and it all ended in fresh shows and plays, and magics to distract him from folk in housen. Dear heart alive! How he used to call and call on me, and I couldn't answer, or even let him know that I was near!"

"Not even once?" said Una. "If he was very lonely?"

"No, he couldn't," said Dan, who had been thinking. "Didn't you swear by the Hammer of Thor that you wouldn't, Puck?"

"By that Hammer!" was the deep rumbled reply. Then he came back to his soft speaking voice. "And the Boy *was* lonely, when he couldn't see me any more. He began to try to learn all learning (he had good teachers), but I saw him lift his eyes from the big black books toward folk in housen all the time. He studied song-making (good teachers he had too!), but he sung those songs with his back toward the Hill, and his face toward folk. *I* know! I have sat and grieved over him grieving within a rabbit's jump of him. Then he studied the High, Low, and Middle Magic. He had promised the Lady Esclairmonde he would never go near folk in housen, so he had to make shows and shadows for his mind to chew on."



I saw him lift his eyes from the big, black books.

"What sort of shows?" said Dan.

"Just boy's magic, as we say. I'll show you some, some time. It pleased him for the while,

and it didn't hurt any one in particular except a few men coming home late from the taverns. But I knew what it was a sign of, and I followed him like a weasel follows a rabbit. As good a boy as ever lived! I've seen him with Sir Huon and the Lady Esclairmonde stepping just as they stepped to avoid the track of Cold Iron in a furrow, or walking wide of some old ash-tot because a man had left his swop-hook or spade there; and all his heart aching to go straightforward among folk in housen all the time. Oh, a good boy! They always intended a fine fortune for him — but they could never find it in their heart to let him begin. I've heard that many warned them, but they wouldn't be warned. So it happened *as* it happened!

"One hot night I saw the Boy roving about here wrapped in his flaming discontents. There was flash on flash against the clouds, and rush on rush of shadows down the valley till the shaws were full of his hounds giving tongue, and the woodways were packed with his knights in armor riding down into the water-mists — all his own magic, of course. Behind them you could see great castles lifting slow and splendid on arches of moonshine, with maidens waving their hands at the windows, which all turned into roaring rivers; and then would come the darkness of his own young heart wiping out the whole slateful. But boy's magic doesn't trouble me — or Merlin's either for that matter. I followed the Boy by the flashes and the whirling wild-

fire of his discontent, and oh, but I grieved for him! Oh, but I grieved for him! He pounded back and forth like a bullock in a strange pasture — sometimes alone — sometimes waist-deep among his shadow-hounds — sometimes leading his shadow-knights on a hawk-winged horse to rescue his shadow-girls. I never guessed he had such magic at his command; but it's often that way with boys.



Waist-deep among his shadow-hounds.

"Just when the owl comes home for the second time, I saw Sir Huon and the Lady ride down my Hill where there's not much magic allowed except mine. They were very pleased at the Boy's magic — our valley flared with it — and I heard them settling his splendid fortune when they should find it in their hearts to let him go to act and influence among folk in housen. Sir Huon was for making him a great King somewhere or other, and the Lady was for making him a marvelous wise man whom all should praise for his skill and kindness. She was very kind-hearted.

"Of a sudden we saw the flashes of his discontent turned back on the clouds, and his shadow-hounds stopped baying.

"'There's Magic fighting Magic over yonder,' the Lady Esclairmonde cried, reining up. 'Who is against him?'

"I could have told her, but I did not count it any of my business to speak of Asa Thor's comings and goings."

"How did you know?" said Una.

"A slow northeast wind blew up, sawing and fretting through the oaks in a way I remembered. The wildfire roared up, one last time in one sheet, and snuffed out like a rush-light, and a bucketful of stinging hail fell. We heard the Boy walking in the Long Slip — where I first met you last year.

"'Here, oh, come here!' said the Lady Esclairmonde, and stretched out her arms in the dark.

"He was coming slowly, but he stumbled in the footpath, being, of course, mortal man.

"'Why, what's this?' he said to himself. We three heard him.

"'Hold, lad, hold! Ware Cold Iron!' said Sir Huon, and they two swept down like night-jars, crying as they rode.

"I ran at their stirrups, but it was too late. We felt that the Boy had touched Cold Iron somewhere in the dark, for the Horses of the Hill shied off, and whipped round, snorting.

"Then I judged it was time for me to show myself in my own shape; so I did.

"'Whatever it is,' I said, 'he has taken hold of it. Now we must find out whatever it *is* that he has taken hold of: for that will be his fortune.'

"'Come here, Robin,' the Boy shouted, as soon as he heard my voice. 'I don't know what I've hold of.'

"'It is in your hands,' I called back. 'Tell us if it is hard and cold, with jewels atop. For that will be a King's Sceptre.'

"'Not by a furrow-long,' he said, and stooped and tugged in the dark. We heard him.

"'Has it a handle and two cutting edges?' I called. 'For that'll be a Knight's Sword.'

"'No, it hasn't,' he says. 'It's neither ploughshare, whittle, hook nor crook, nor aught I've yet seen men handle.' By this time he was scratting in the dirt to prize it up.

"'Whatever it is, you know who put it there, Robin,' said Sir Huon to me, 'or you would not ask those questions. You should have told me as soon as you knew.'

"'What could you or I have done against the Smith that made it and laid it for him to find?' I said, and I whispered to Sir Huon what I had seen at the Forge on Thor's Day, when the babe was first brought to the Hill.

"'Oh, good-bye, our dreams!' said Sir Huon. 'It's neither sceptre, sword, nor plough! Maybe

yet it's a bookful of learning, bound with iron clasps. There's a chance for a splendid fortune in that sometimes.'

"But we knew we were only speaking to comfort ourselves, and the Lady Esclairmonde, having been a woman, said so.

"'Thur aie! Thor help us!' the Boy called. 'It is round, without end, Cold Iron, four fingers wide and a thumb thick, and there is writing on the breadth of it.'

"'Read the writing if you have the learning,' I called. The darkness had lifted by then, and the owl was out over the fern again.

"He called back, reading the runes on the iron: —

'Few can see
Further forth
Than when the Child
Meets the Cold Iron.'

and there he stood, in clear starlight, with a new, heavy, shining slave-ring round his proud neck.

"'Is this how it goes?' he asked, while the Lady Esclairmonde cried.

"'That is how it goes,' I said. He hadn't snapped the catch home yet, though.

"'What fortune does it mean for him?' said Sir Huon, while the Boy fingered the ring. 'You who walk under Cold Iron, you must tell us and teach us.'

"'Tell I can, but teach I cannot,' I said. 'The virtue of the Ring is only that he must go among

folk in housen henceforward, doing what they want done, or what he knows they need, all Old England over. Never will he be his own master, nor yet ever any man's. He will get half he gives, and give twice what he gets, till his Life's last breath; and if he lays aside his load before he draws that last breath, all his work will go for naught.'

"'Oh, cruel, wicked Thor!' cried the Lady Esclairmonde. 'Ah, look, see, all of you! The catch is still open! He hasn't locked it. He can still take it off. He can still come back. Come back!'

"She went as near as she dared, but she could not lay hands on Cold Iron. The Boy could have taken it off, yes. We waited to see if he would, but he put up his hand, and the snap locked home.

"'What else could I have done?' said he.

"'Surely, then, you will do,' I said. 'Morning's coming, and if you three have any farewells to make, make them now, for after sunrise, Cold Iron must be your master.'

"So they three sat down, cheek by wet cheek, telling over their farewells till morning light. As good a boy as ever lived, he was."

"And what happened to him?" asked Dan.

"When morning came, Cold Iron was master of him and his fortune, and he went to work among folk in housen. Presently he came across a maid like-minded with himself, and they were wedded, and had bushels of children, as the saying is. Perhaps you'll meet some of his breed, sometime."

"Thank you," said Una. "But what did the poor Lady Esclairmonde do?"

"What *can* you do when Asa Thor lays the Cold Iron in a lad's path? She and Sir Huon were comforted to think they had given the Boy good store of learning to act and influence on folk in housen. For he *was* a good boy! Isn't it getting on for breakfast time? I'll walk with you a piece."



A TRUTHFUL SONG

I

THE BRICKLAYER:

I tell this tale, which is strictly true,
Just by way of convincing you
How very little, since things were made,
Things have altered in the building trade.

A year ago, come the middle o' March,
We was building flats near the Marble Arch
When a thin young man with coal-black hair
Came up to watch us working there

Now there wasn't a trick in brick or stone
That this young man hadn't seen or known;
Nor there wasn't a tool from trowel to maul
But this young man could use 'em all!

Then up and spoke the plumbyers bold,
Which was laying the pipes for the hot and cold:
"Since you with us have made so free,
Will you kindly say what your name might be?"

The young man kindly answered them:
"It might be Lot or Methusalem,
Or it might be Moses (a man I hate)
Whereas it is Pharaoh surnamed the Great.



"Your glazing is new and your plumbing's strange,
But otherwise I perceive no change,
And in less than a month if you do as I bid
I'd learn you to build me a Pyramid!"

II

THE SAILOR:

I tell this tale, which is stricter true,
Just by way of convincing you
How very little, since things was made,
Things have altered in the shipwright's trade.



In Blackwall Basin yesterday
A China barque re-fitting lay;
When a fat old man with snow-white hair
Came up to watch us working there.

Now there wasn't a knot which the riggers knew
But the old man made it — and better too;
Nor there wasn't a sheet, or a lift, or a brace,
But the old man knew its lead and place.

Then up and spake the caulkyers bold,
Which was packing the pump in the after-hold:
"Since you with us have made so free,
Will you kindly tell what your name might be?"

The old man kindly answered them:
"It might be Japheth, it might be Shem,
Or it might be Ham (though his skin was dark)
Whereas it is Noah, commanding the Ark.

"Your wheel is new and your pumps are strange,
But otherwise I perceive no change,
And in less than a week, if she did not ground,
I'd sail this hooker the wide world round!"



BOTH.

We tell these tales, which are strictest true,
Just by way of convincing you
How very little, since things was made,
Anything alters in anyone's trade!



THE STORY OF MUHAMMAD DIN

Who is the happy man? He that sees in his own house at home little children crowned with dust, leaping and falling and crying. — *Munichandra*, translated by Professor Peterson.



THE polo-ball was an old one, scarred, chipped, and dinted. It stood on the mantelpiece among the pipe-stems which Imam Din, my house-servant, was cleaning for me.

"Does the Heaven-born want this ball?" said Imam Din, deferentially.

The Heaven-born set no particular store by it; but of what use was a polo-ball to a butler?

"By Your Honor's favor, I have a little son. He has seen this ball, and desires it to play with. I do not want it for myself."

No one would for an instant accuse portly old Imam Din of wanting to play with polo-balls. He carried out the battered thing into the veranda; and there followed a hurricane of joyful squeaks, a patter of small feet, and the *thud-thud-thud* of the ball rolling along the ground. Evidently the little

son had been waiting outside the door to secure his treasure. But how had he managed to see that polo-ball?

Next day, coming back from office half an hour earlier than usual, I was aware of a small figure in the dining-room — a tiny, plump figure in a ridiculously scanty shirt which came, perhaps, halfway down the tubby stomach. It wandered round the room, thumb in mouth, crooning to itself as it took stock of the pictures. Undoubtedly this was the "little son."

He had no business in my room, of course; but was so deeply absorbed in his discoveries that he never noticed me in the doorway. I stepped into the room and startled him nearly into a fit. He sat down on the ground with a gasp. His eyes opened, and his mouth followed suit. I knew what was coming, and fled, followed by a long, dry howl which reached the servants' quarters far more quickly than any command of mine had ever done. In ten seconds, Imam Din was in the dining-room. Then despairing sobs arose, and I returned to find Imam Din admonishing the small sinner who was using most of his shirt as a handkerchief.

"This boy," said Imam Din judicially, "is a villain — a big rogue. He will, without doubt, go to jail for his behavior." Renewed yells from the penitent, and an elaborate apology to myself from Imam Din.

"Tell the baby," said I, "that the *Sahib* is not angry, and take him away." Imam Din conveyed

my forgiveness to the offender, who had now gathered all his shirt round his neck, stringwise, and the yell subsided into a sob. The two set off for the door. "His name," said Imam Din, as though the name were part of the crime, "is Muhammad Din, and he is a villain." Freed from present danger, Muhammad Din turned round in his father's arms, and said gravely, "It is true that my name is Muhammad Din, *Tahib*, but I am not a villain. I am a *man!*"

From that day dated my acquaintance with Muhammad Din. Never again did he come into my dining-room, but on the neutral ground of the garden we greeted each other with much state, though our conversation was confined to "*Talaam, Tahib*" from his side, and "*Salaam, Muhammad Din*" from mine. Daily on my return from office, the little white shirt and the fat little body used to rise from the shade of the creeper-covered trellis where they had been hid; and daily I checked my horse here, that my salutation might not be slurred over or given unseemly.

Muhammad Din never had any companions. He used to trot about the compound, in and out of the castor-oil bushes, on mysterious errands of his own. One day I stumbled upon some of his handiwork far down the grounds. He had half buried the polo-ball in dust, and stuck six shriveled old marigold flowers in a circle round it. Outside that circle again, was a rude square, traced out in bits of red

brick alternating with fragments of broken china; the whole bounded by a little bank of dust. The water-man from the well-curb put in a plea for the small architect, saying that it was only the play of a baby and did not much disfigure my garden.

Heaven knows that I had no intention of touching the child's work then or later; but, that evening, a stroll through the garden brought me unawares full on it; so that I trampled, before I knew, marigold-heads, dust-bank, and fragments of broken soap-dish into confusion past all hope of mending. Next morning, I came upon Muhammad Din crying softly to himself over the ruin I had wrought. Some one had cruelly told him that the *Sahib* was very angry with him for spoiling the garden, and had scattered his rubbish, using bad language the while. Muhammad Din labored for an hour at effacing every trace of the dust-bank and pottery fragments, and it was with a tearful and apologetic face that he said, "*Talaam Tahib*," when I came home from office. A hasty inquiry resulted in Imam Din informing Muhammad Din that, by my singular favor, he was permitted to disport himself as he pleased. Whereat the child took heart and fell to tracing the ground-plan of an edifice which was to eclipse the marigold-polo-ball creation.

For some months, the chubby little man revolved in his humble orbit among the castor-oil bushes and in the dust; always fashioning magnificent palaces from stale flowers thrown away by the bearer, smooth

water-worn pebbles, bits of broken glass, and feathers pulled, I fancy, from my fowls — always alone, and always crooning to himself.

A gayly-spotted sea-shell was dropped one day close to the last of his little buildings; and I looked that Muhammad Din should build something more than ordinarily splendid on the strength of it. Nor was I disappointed. He meditated for the better part of an hour, and his crooning rose to a jubilant song. Then he began tracing in the dust. It would certainly be a wondrous palace, this one, for it was two yards long and a yard broad in ground-plan. But the palace was never completed.

Next day there was no Muhammad Din at the head of the carriage drive, and no "*Talaam, Tahib*" to welcome my return. I had grown accustomed to the greeting, and its omission troubled me. Next day, Imam Din told me that the child was suffering slightly from fever and needed quinine. He got the medicine, and an English doctor.

"They have no strength, these brats," said the doctor, as he left Imam Din's quarters.

A week later, though I would have given much to have avoided it, I met on the road to the Mussulman burying-ground Imam Din, accompanied by one other friend, carrying in his arms, wrapped in a white cloth, all that was left of little Muhammad Din.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place,
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,
Oh hear Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefiléd heritage!

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

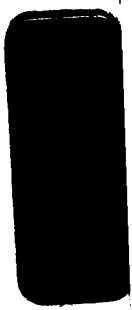
Teach us to look in all our ends,
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favor of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

Land of our Birth — our Faith, our Pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!

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